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# CHILDE HAROLD

# 3. Komaunt

### BY LORD BYRON

### WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

#### EDITED BY

WALTER HILEY, M.A.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1877

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# REV. R. COWLEY POWLES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND TUTOR OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD

THIS UNWORTHY LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED

WITH GREAT RESPECT AND AFFECTION

• ÷. •

# INTRODUCTION.

GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON, like many of our greatest poets—Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Gray—was born in London. The day of his birth was January 22, 1788. He was the son of Captain Byron, and the grandson of the distinguished Admiral of that name. His mother was Catherine Gordon of Gight, descended from the Gordons of Huntly, while on his father's side he claimed descent from a Northman knight who accompanied William the Conqueror. To the Scandinavian origin of his family he may be imagined to allude in the choice of the name *Harold* for the hero of his great Romaunt. By a previous marriage his father had one other child, a daughter, Augusta, afterwards Mrs. Leigh, between whom and her half-brother a tender affection subsisted.

The character of Captain Byron was not adapted either to conciliate his wife's affection or to keep together the property which she brought him, and after a speedy separation, in comparative poverty, Mrs. Byron settled in Aberdeen for the education of her child. He received his earliest instruction from a Mr. Rose, and at the age of six attended the grammar school of the town.

On the death of his father, Byron became heir to his great-uncle, Lord Byron, who is chiefly notorious for his questionable duel with his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth of Annesley, and in 1798, on the demise of that peer, suc-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See Byron's 'Stanzas to Augusta' and 'Epistle to Augusta' in 'Occasional Pieces.'

ceeded to the title, and to the property of Newstead, in Nottinghamshire. The poet was, however, embarrassed by the heavy charges on his estates, and this fact should be kept in view if we wish to analyse the sum total of the circumstances which moulded his character. One reminiscence of his early childhood he carried with him to the close of life, a passion for mountain scenery—

'The infant's rapture still survived the boy, And Lochnagar with Ida looked on Troy.' 1

This enthusiasm for Nature distinguishes Byron and his contemporaries, Wordsworth and Scott, from the poets of the previous generation, to whom the name of poet seemed merely to suggest the precisest mechanical rules of versification, or the quaint conceits of expression and thought, to which Johnson applied the term metaphysical. Another impression of his earliest infancy was the habit of self-consciousness, no doubt to some extent attributable to the delicacy of his constitution, but beyond all contradiction aggravated by the cruelty of a mother who could upbraid her child for his deformity. This lameness, caused by an accident in childhood, the poet learned from his mother to broad over, and unhealthily to exaggerate, till he nursed a tyrant that overpowered the balance of his mental and moral being, and made him. in everything he did or said, the vainest and most egotistical of men. That these two principles-self-consciousness and love of nature—should coexist without, as it were. trenching on each other's domain, both alike vigorous and actively restless, makes the character of Byron one worthy of exceptional consideration. In Scott and Wordsworth, the healthy love of the external in nature operated with the expulsive power of a strong affection, and cleansed the whole man from all that was mean, vain, or selfish.

¹ 'Island,' Canto II. zii.

At the age of twelve Byron was removed to Harrow. We are not surprised to hear him in the 'Childe Harold' allude to the 'drilled dull lesson' of his classical studies. Our estimate of Harrow and its position educationally, need not be biassed by the poet's depreciation. Authority, from without or from within, was through life abhorrent from Byron's spirit of independence. In his impatience of the school curriculum we recognise the boy who hereafter, when exasperated by misfortune and embittered by remorse, shall defy and outrage every rule of convention.

In 1803 occurred an event which powerfully operated on the unhealthy side of Byron's character. He met, during a vacation from Harrow, Mary Chaworth, descended from the Chaworth whom his great-uncle had killed. She was older than himself by some years, but the boy conceived for her an affection which the morbid consciousness of his personal defect only served to intensify. To this boyish love Byron frequently adverts, and in his poem 'The Dream,' long years afterwards, alludes to 'her who was his Destiny.'

From Harrow in 1805 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained for two years. It may be truly said that neither school nor college materially assisted or guided his genius. In 1808 he published his 'Hours of Idleness,' a collection of poems which gave no promise of his subsequent success. To the harsh criticisms upon this publication he replied in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' in 1809. It is needless to say that much of his abuse of men and writers was unjust, and subsequently retracted or modified. In 'Childe Harold' (Canto III. xxix.), he apologised for the unnecessary abuse of his guardian, Lord Carlisle, in the

<sup>1</sup> Yet he says in 'D. J.':

<sup>&#</sup>x27;I'd send him out betimes to college, For there it was I picked up my own knowledge.'

few lines which he devotes to the death of that nobleman's son at Waterloo—

'Partly that I did his sire some wrong.'

Of Scott, whom he learnt afterwards to admire and respect, he speaks in 'Childe Harold' (Canto IV. xi.) as 'the Ariosto of the North,' though he had in the 'English Bards' referred to him thus!—

'And think'st thou, Scott, by vain conceit, perchance, On public taste to foist the stale romance?'

To Wordsworth, in after years, the poet owed a debt of gratitude and admiration, but in the 'English Bards' he speaks of him as 'the simple Wordsworth,' the dull disciple of the school of Southey. Still, however hasty and unjust his criticisms might be, it is evident from this work that a great poet had arisen.

In 1812 Byron published the first two Cantos of 'Childe Harold.' The hero of this Romaunt, it is unnecessary to add, is, as we should have expected, the poet himself. The effect of this publication was a success complete and instantaneous. He went to bed one night (to use his own language) and got up to find him-The fame and success were undoubtedly self famous. deserved. It is true that colouring and distortion of an unhealthy self-consciousness are abundantly present. But it is also true that in eloquence of declamation, in intensity of invective, in weirdness of description, 'Childe Harold' is unrivalled, and of itself marks Byron as the greatest poet that had arisen in England since the days In language of precise versification, in of Milton. rhythm of regular and unfailing beauty, is poured forth the stream of genuine poetry. In 1813 he published 'The Giaour,' 'The Bride of Abydos,' and 'The Corsair,' and in 1814, 'Lara.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> To Scott is dedicated Byron's 'Cain.' Wordsworth is throughout pursued with vituperation. See 'D. J.' passim.

In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke. This marriage, as might have been expected from his character, was thoroughly unhappy, and the incompatibility of temper invincible. Lady Byron conceived it to be her duty to stop the utterances of her husband's genius, and Lord Byron, if we are to interpret his feelings by his language in 'The Dream' and other poems, was, even if morally innocent, a man most likely to chafe at the restraints of the domestic contract. The whole story of unhappy recrimination it is unnecessary to follow.

# 'Longa est injuria, longæ Ambages.'1

His daughter Ada, to whom he touchingly alludes in Canto III., was born in December 1815. In January, 1816, Lady Byron left him altogether, and he abandoned his country in the same year, never to return. He visited Flanders and the Rhine, and wrote the Third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' and 'The Dream.' He now began his acquaintance with Shelley, and wrote among the Bernese Alps his 'Manfred,' the embodiment of anguish and despair. He shortly afterwards published 'Beppo,' as a note of defiance against the world's hollow morality.

He began at this time his 'Don Juan,' and in 1818 was published the Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold.'

On the merits of the last two Cantos of this poem there has been much difference of opinion. Byron himself professes to deplore a decadence of his poetic power:—

> 'Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string, And both may jar; it may be that in vain I would essay as I have sung to sing.'

<sup>1</sup> To his wife he addresses one of the 'Occasional Pieces.' He speaks of her in 'D. J.':

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet
If some one had not told me to forego it.'

To a close and impartial observer, however, there is visible no sign of mental ruin and decay. On the contrary, there is an intensity of feeling, and a fierceness of power, for which we look in vain in the earlier poems. Nothing can surpass the sublimity of his communings with Nature, or the vigour with which he pours, as a lava stream, his burning utterances. 'Poeta nascitur non fit 'conveys a truth, but experience forbids our expecting the productions of the nascent poet to be those on which his laurels will depend. Between the 'Lycidas' and the 'Paradise Lost' of Milton lies an interval of thirty years -years of anxiety, broil, and tumult-and yet, through all, the poet's powers were expanding and ripening. years have to Byron, in like manner, given vigour and Moreover, other influences have been in active operation. Shelley has taught him much-much that is visible in his poems; Wordsworth too he has learnt through Shelley to appreciate, though it is somewhat difficult to detect the influence of Nature's quiet votary. Byron's friends are not exclusively literary ones. has been surrounded by the wildest political dreamers; he has even been initiated into the secret societies of Italy. The aspirations of Carbonarism have been absorbed into Byron's being and are reflected in his pages. The moral degradation in which he is known to be living does not, it is true, leave directly the slime of the serpent's trail in the 'Childe Harold,' but there is palpable evidence of a mind unsatisfied with itself, abundant proof of the unrest of doubt, despair, and remorse.

At Venice, in the Armenian Convent, Byron stayed some time; at Ravenna he lived for two years, and to that residence we are indebted for many allusions in the Fourth Canto. Herehe wrote 'The Prophecy of Dante.' In 1820, Lord Byron, who had for some time been acquainted with the Countess Guiccioli, publicly connected his name with hers, and remained with her till

1822, when he started from Genos, to throw himself into the Greek Revolution.1 The struggles of an historical people to achieve their independence, Byron with heart and soul strove to promote. The effort was too great for a constitution never strong, and now enfeebled by irregularity and dissipation. By exposure to the unhealthy climate of Missolonghi he caught a fever, with which he had no strength successfully to contend. He died after a short illness, April 19, 1824. His last words were Augusta,—Ada,—Greece. His body was carried to England, and lies buried in Hucknall Church in Nottinghamshire, near the home of the Byrons at Newstead. In a narrow spirit, we cannot but think, sepulture in England's Christian Pantheon—Westminster Abbey was denied to one who, in spite of his many frailties, had within him the sorrowful great gift, and was one of England's greatest poets. He had himself in the 'Childe Harold' gloomily foreshadowed such a result:-

'If dull oblivion bar
My name from out the Temple where the dead
Are honoured by the nations—let it be!'

#### POSTSCRIPT.

This sketch of Byron's life has been necessarily brief.

The Editor regrets a necessity that has compelled him to be silent on—

- I. The many evidences of poetical genius and lofty political aspirations, built on ideas which every one must allow to exhibit a depth of generous sympathy.
- II. Much, too, in justice should have been said on Byron's
- (i.) Egotism—wearisomely and perpetually drawing him

1 'Seek out, less often sought than found, A soldier's grave, for thee the best, Then look around and choose thy ground And take thy rest.'

Byron's last poem.

to the little microcosm of self, forbidding him to recognise any moral discipline in life.

- (ii.) Vindictiveness—in some cases unseemly, as to the Royal Family; in others ungenerous, as to the persons of Wordsworth (the 'Vulgar' Wordsworth, the 'Wordy' Wordsworth, the 'idiot boy'), Castlereagh, and Southey.
- (iii.) Sensuousness—which mars, by a wretched and grovelling materialism, his noblest productions.
- (iv.) Blasphemy, and want of reverence—as in the 'Vision of Judgment' and 'Morgante Maggiore:'

'Alas!
Despair and genius are too oft connected.'

Prophecy of Dante.

BRENT PELHAM: Feb. 1877.

In the note on Socrates, the Latin Nosce teipsum for γνῶθι σεαυτὸν was meant to mark the Latin reception of the Socratean legacy—the possibility of Ethical Science,

### BYRON'S STYLE.

THE readers of 'Childe Harold' should notice three characteristics of Byron.

- I. His habit of self-reference, or egotism.—The probable history of this habit has been briefly delineated above. It existed in the poet's young days. It grew with his growth. We find it stronger in the closing Cantos of 'Childe Harold' than in the earlier ones. There is some pretence at keeping up the figment of a 'hero,' but very soon hero and poet coalesce and become identical. Two consequences flow from this peculiarity.
- 1. A reality of description.—We are cognisant that no stranger is passing over our field of vision, but the poet himself.
- 2. A weakness in dramatic power.—The writer centred upon himself or on his counterfeit is incapable of realising, and therefore describing, a person foreign to himself. Milton, in his 'Samson Agonistes,' is not a dramatist so much as an autobiographer. Byron is always describing himself. 'Cain,' 'Manfred,' 'Lucifer,' 'Don Juan,' 'Childe Harold,' are each the poet in another garb. Introduce a dialogue, and the weakness of Byron becomes at once apparent.

II. His powers of declaration.—These are unrivalled. Few poets are also orators, in spite of the Latin generalisation 'Finitimus oratori est poeta.' In the present century there almost seems to be an impossibility that the two characters should blend. As a reaction from the mechanism of the last century, even ruggedness of verse is now considered a virtue, and obscurity of diction a

charm. In force and power of expression, Byron suggests Lucretius in certain passages. His descriptions of the French Revolution, the Holy Alliance, the appeal to Greece, his own domestic wrongs, are specimens of passionate rhetoric. At times this declamation assumes the appearance of unreality and exaggeration. His indignation against Lord Elgin seems unwarranted and unnatural (Canto II.); and in Canto III. civ. and Canto IV. cxxv., we seem to detect the artificial.

III. His talent for description.—Wordsworth no doubt preceded Byron, but the disciple soon became wiser than his teacher. As instances of graphic power we should note the storm in the Alps (Canto III.), and the apostrophe to the Ocean (Canto IV.); while the description of St. Peter's at Rome (Canto IV.) has never been surpassed in power or style. Scott, in his descriptions of Nature, is an artist, and presents to us a picture in detail; Byron gives us a tout ensemble of that which is vague, shadowy, sublime.

#### THE VERSIFICATION.

From Spenser is derived the metre, 'the Alexandrian,' consisting of eight decasyllabic verses, with a ninth, a twelve-syllable (dodecasyllabic) verse rhyming with the sixth and eighth lines. This metre was first used by the French. It is found in Wace, the Anglo-Norman poet, a.p. 1090. Spenser too is copied in the archaic language.

It would be well for the reader to notice the occurrence of what his ear will at once tell him are weak lines, e.g.:—

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see.'
O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see.'
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see.'

These are not suggestive of Byron's power. An occasional blemish will also be noted—a blemish to be found in Shakspeare's latest plays—the weak ending of a line. The weakness is due generally to a preposition at the close of a verse. Several examples occur; one will suffice.

'I can re-people with the Past, and of The Present.'

In language.—Two or three irregularities have been alluded to in the notes, e.g.:—

'Whose martyrs are the broken heart.'
'There let him lay.'

The use of the word so is worthy of attention.

A Glossary of the few words unexplained in the Notes is appended at the end of the volume.

#### CHILDE HAROLD.

Cantos I. and II. written in 1811, published 1812.

Canto III.

Canto IV.

ŀ

,, 1816. .. 1818. •

<u>r</u>. •

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#### ARGUMENT.

THE term *Childe* (young knight—the Homeric κόρος) may fairly represent Lord Byron. Spenser, no doubt, was before the poet's mind, suggesting the metre, and the few archaisms

in the language.

CANTO I.—Disgusted with himself and his mode of life, the noble pilgrim leaves his home, a large monastic pile (Newstead Abbey), accompanied by his page and yeoman. He visits Lisbon, describes the scenery at the mouth of the Tagus, ridicules the Convention of Cintra. He crosses the Guadiana, visits the field of Albuera, and Seville, describes the Maid of Saragoza, a bull-fight at Cadiz, introduces his song to Ifiez, alludes to the death of Wingfield, and closes his first fytte.

CANTO II.—An invocation to Athene; a description of Athens, at that time a Turkish town, the Temple of Jupiter, the tomb of Ajax; attacks Lord Elgin; an account of a moonlight voyage past the Isle of Calypso; the Albanian coast; Santa Maura, or Leucadia; the rugged Suli; an account of Epirotic and Albanian scenery; a visit to Ali Pasha, the Turkish governor; a description of his palace; a wild Albanian song; a glance at Stamboul; bewails the helpless slavery of Greece; mourns the death of his parent, friend, and 'more than friend.'

CANTO III.—Continues the narrative after the lapse of more than six years. An address to his daughter Ada; a lovely description of Nature; the field of Waterloo; the night before the battle; the Rhine; an ode to a lady; Morat, the battle-field of Switzerland; the legend of Julia; Geneva and its lake; Rousseau; a night on the lake; an Alpine thunderstorm; Clarens; Lausanne and Ferney; Gibbon and Voltaire; Italy; an apostrophe to Ada.

CANTO IV.—Description of Venice with reference to Shakspeare, Otway, and Mrs. Raddliffe; the annual marriage of the Adriatic; Frederick Barbarossa; Arqua; the tomb of Petrarch; Ferrara and Tasso; a digression to Cicero and Sulpicius; Florence; the Venus de' Medici; Dante and Boccaccio; Santa Croce; the Thrasimene Lake; Clitumnus; the Falls of Terni; Rome and its ruins; Sulla and Cromwell; Pompey's statue; Cæsar and Napoleon; the Holy Alliance; the French Revolution; the tomb of Cecilia Metella; the grotto of Egeria; the Coliseum; the Dying Gladiator; other ruins; St. Peter's; Apollo Belvedere; the death of the Princess Charlotte; the close.

4

#### TO IANTHE.1

Nor in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deemed,
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seemed:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beamed—
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could they
speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,<sup>2</sup>
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri<sup>3</sup> of the West!—'tis well for me My years already doubly number thine; My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee, And safely view thy ripening beauties shine; Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;

1 Ianthe, name derived from iov, a lily. (See stanza iv. last

<sup>2</sup> Lady Charlotte Harley (afterwards Lady Charlotte Bacon), second daughter of the Earl of Oxford, had not completed her eleventh year when these lines were addressed to her, in the autumn of 1812. Her juvenile beauty has been preserved in a portrait which Mr. Westall painted at Lord Byron's request.

Peri.] A Persian word for 'fairy.

Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's, 1 Now brightly bold or beautifully shy, Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells, Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh, Could I to thee be ever more than friend: This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why To one so young my strain I would commend, But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once numbered, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hailed thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship less
require?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A species of the antelope. 'You have the eyes of a gazelle, is considered all over the East as the greatest compliment that can be paid to a woman.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

### FIRST CANTO.

OH, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth, Muse! formed or fabled at the minstrel's will! Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth, Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill: Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill; Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine, Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still; Nor mote 1 my shell awake the weary Nine To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

Whilome 2 in Albion's Isle there dwelt a youth, Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight; But spent his days in riot most uncouth,4 And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night. Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight, Sore given to revel and ungodly glee; Few earthly things found favour in his sight Save concubines and carnal companie, And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

<sup>1</sup> Mote.] For mought, or must; in stanza viii. 9 for might.

Whilome.] See Glossary.
 Ne.] The Celtic negative.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Uncouth.] Glossary.
<sup>5</sup> Wight.] Glossary.

Childe Harold was he hight: 1—but whence his name And lineage long, it suits me not to say; Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame, And had been glorious in another day: But one sad losel 2 soils a name for aye, However mighty in the olden time; Nor all that heralds rake from coffined clay, Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme, Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

Childe Harold basked him in the noontide sun, Disporting there like any other fly; Nor deemed before his little day was done One blast might chill him into misery. But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,3 Worse than adversity the Childe befell; He felt the fulness of satiety: Then loathed he in his native land to dwell, Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad cell.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run, Nor made atonement when he did amiss, Had sighed to many though he loved but one, And that loved 4 one, alas! could ne'er be his. Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss Had been pollution unto aught so chaste; Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss, And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste, Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart, And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hight.] 'Childe,' applied by Spenser to Prince Arthur, and to a king's son, Childe Tristram, and found in the old ballad 'Childe Waters.' For the word 'hight,' see Glossary.

Losel.] See Glossary.
 The poet was now twenty-four years of age. 4 An allusion to his boyish love—Mary Chaworth. See Byron's Dream,'

"Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congealed the drop within his ee: 1
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea:
With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

#### VII

The Childe departed from his father's hall:
It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillared in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome! <sup>3</sup> condemned to uses vile!
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian <sup>3</sup> girls were known to sing and smile;
And monks might deem their time was come agen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

#### VIII

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurked below:
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;
For his was not that open, artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole, 4
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

#### TΧ

And none did love him: though to hall and bower He gathered revellers from far and near, He knew them flatt'rers of the festal hour; The heartless parasites of present cheer.

1 Ee. ] Glossary.

Newstead Abbey, which he describes again in 'Don Juan,' Canto xiii.

<sup>5</sup> From *Paphos*, the scene of Aphrodite's worship. The description of his riotous living is historically untrue, and seems probably suggested by the orgies of Medmenham Abbey, of the time of Wilkes.

4 Condole. Elliptically for 'condole with him.'

### Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,

Yea! none did love him—not his lemans 1 dear— But pomp and power alone are woman's care, And where these are light Eros 2 finds a feere; 3 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare, And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.

Childe Harold had a mother 4—not forgot, Though parting from that mother he did shun; A sister 5 whom he loved, but saw her not Before his weary pilgrimage begun: If friends he had, he bade adieu to none. Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel: Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon A few dear objects, will in sadness feel Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands, The laughing dames in whom he did delight, Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands, Might shake the saintship of an anchorite, And long had fed his youthful appetite; His goblets brimmed with every costly wine, And all that mote to luxury invite, Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine, And traverse Paynim 6 shores, and pass Earth's central line.

#### XII

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew, As glad to waft him from his native home; And fast the white rocks faded from his view, And soon were lost in circumambient foam: And then, it may be, of his wish to roam Repented he, but in his bosom slept The silent thought, nor from his lips did come One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept, And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

Lemans.] See Glossary.
 Eros.] Greek name for Cupid, Love.
 Feere.] Glossary.

 Mrs. Byron, to whose death reference is made in Canto iii.
 A sister. The Honourable Augusta Leigh.
 Paynim. Correlative to Giaour, applied by Christians to Musalmans—Pagani.

#### IIIX

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deemed he no strange ear was listening:
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he poured his last 'Good Night.'

1

Added, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

9

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

.

'Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.'

4

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high, I fear not wave nor wind: Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and one above.

5

'My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.'—
'Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.

6

'Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman, Why dost thou look so pale? Or dost thou dread a French foeman? Or shiver at the gale?'—
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life? Sir Childe, I'm not so weak; But thinking on an absent wife Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall, Along the bordering lake, And when they on their father call, What answer shall she make?'—
'Enough, enough, my yeoman good, Thy grief let none gainsay:
But I, who am of lighter mood, Will laugh to flee away.'

8

For who would trust the seeming sighs Of wife or paramour?

<sup>1</sup> Paramour.] Mistress, from Norman 'paraimer,' to love, equal to the A.-S. 'leman.'

Fresh feeres <sup>1</sup> will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

9

And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

10

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!

#### XIV

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay,
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus <sup>3</sup> dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute <sup>3</sup> bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.

<sup>1</sup> Feeres. Glossary.
<sup>2</sup> Tagus. Spanish, Tajo; Portuguese, Tejo—the river of Lusitania—Portugal and Spain.

<sup>5</sup> His fabled golden tribute. According to ancient legend, flowed over sands of gold and precious stones.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see What Heaven hath done for this delicious land! What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree! What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand! But man would mar them with an impious hand: And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge 'Gainst those who most transgress his high command, With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold? Her image floating on that noble tide, Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold, But now whereon a thousand keels did ride Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied, 1 And to the Lusians did her aid afford: A nation swoln with ignorance and pride, Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

# XVII

But whose entereth within this town, That, sheening far, celestial seems to be, Disconsolate will wander up and down, 'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee; For hut and palace show like filthily: The dingy denizens are reared in dirt; Ne personage of high or mean degree Doth care for cleanliness of surtout or shirt, Though shent 2 with Egypt's plague, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

# XVIII

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes— Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?

<sup>1</sup> The ancient alliance between England and Portugal at this time against the French invasion under Napoleon. This alliance was the ostensible reason for the French invasion of Portugal, 1807.

2 Though shent.] Though 'struck' by the plague of Egypt, i.e. leprosy, still retained, in 1811, all their reputed uncleanliness. For

Egyptian leprosy (elephantiasis), see Bibl. Dict. and Horace, Od. 1, 87, 10

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates?

#### XIX

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
The sunken <sup>2</sup> glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

## XX

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at 'Our Lady's house of woe; '\*
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punished been, and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

#### XXI

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:
Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:

Refers to Dante, to whom reference will be made in Canto iv. The sunken glen. Compare with sunless as a case of alliteration. Notice also the recurrence of the initial 'The.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Our Lady's house of woe.] A mistranslation of the words 'de la penha'—Our Lady's House of the Rock—which Byron at first took to be pena, punishment or woe. Though conscious of his mistake, he never corrected it.

For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife, Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath; And grove and glen with thousand such are rife Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.

# XXII

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruined splendour still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

#### IIIXX

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan, Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

## VIXX

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!<sup>2</sup> Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!

1 Vathek.] 'The Eastern Romance,' written in French, in 1784, by William Beckford, the son of Lord Chatham's friend, the Lord Mayor. Vathek is an Eastern caliph 'sullied with a thousand crimes.'

<sup>2</sup> Allusion to the Convention of Cintra, 1808, which allowed too favourable terms to the French in their evacuation of Portugal. Sir Arthur Wellesley refers to it in a letter to Lord Castlereagh: 'Although my name is affixed to this instrument, I beg that you will not believe I negotiated it, that I approve of it, or that I had any hand in wording it.' The people of England were indignant that a defeated army of 26,000 French soldiers should, by the terms of the convention, have been landed on the French coast at the expense of the English.

With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his soul.

## XXV

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foiled the knights in Marialva's 1 dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume,
And Policy regained what arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom!
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the conquered host,
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast.

## XXVI

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim!
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a coming
year?<sup>2</sup>

### XXVII

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he Did take his way in solitary guise: Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee, More restless than the swallow in the skies:

<sup>1</sup> The convention was held in the house of the Marchese Marialva.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> A court of general officers was directed to inquire into the conditions of the armistice, and as a result the king expressed his disapprobation to Sir Hew Dalrymple at those conditions which affected the Portuguese interests.

Though here awhile he learned to moralize, For Meditation fixed at times on him; And conscious Reason whispered to despise 1 His early youth, misspent in maddest whim; But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

# XXVIII

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever quits A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul: Again he rouses from his moping 2 fits. But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl. Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage; And o'er him many changing scenes must roll Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage, Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

# XXIX

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay, Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen; 4 And church and court did mingle their array, And mass and revel were alternate seen ; Lordlings and freres 5—ill-sorted fry I ween! But here the Babylonian whore 6 hath built A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen. That men forget the blood which she hath spilt, And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills, (Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!) Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce 7 fills, Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.

<sup>1</sup> To despise.] A Latin construction—ut contemneret.
<sup>2</sup> Moping.] Conf. Gray's 'Elegy'—'the moping owl'—moping

equivalent to ignavus.

Mafra.] A convent palace, built by John V. of Portugal.
Luckless queen.] The idiot mother of the Prince Regent of Portugal, who abandoned his country for Brazil.

<sup>5</sup> Freres.] Friars, fratres. <sup>6</sup> Babylonian whore.] Expression from the Book of the Reveation, and applied by Byron to the Church of Rome.

7 Joyaunce is pleasure, while 'pleasaunce' is a place of pleasure.

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase, And marvel men should quit their easy chair, The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace, Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air, And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

#### XXXI

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten 1 end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece 2 right well the trader knows—
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compassed 3 by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

### XXXII

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall? 4—
Ne<sup>5</sup> barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, 6 nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul:

#### XXXIII

But these between a silver streamlet glides, And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook, Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides. Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook, And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,

- Mithouten. Glossary.
  Rich fleece. The celebrated merino flocks, which have been introduced into Australia.
- 5 For Spain is compassed.] Still harried by the French troops. 4 Vasty wall.] Conf. Shakspeare's 'vasty deep.' Cf. 'steepy and laky' in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'
  - Ne.] See Stanza ii.
     Horrid crags.] See Stanza xix.

That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

## XXXIV

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,
Dark Guadiana <sup>1</sup> rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays <sup>2</sup> among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.

#### XXXV

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio 3 bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire 4 first called the band
That dyed thy mountain-streams with Gothic gore?
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons' wail.

# XXXVI

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale? Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!

1 Guadiana.] From the root wadi or ouadi, Arabic name for river, and carries with it the story of the Moorish occupation of the Spanish territory. Conf. Guadalquivir, and for the interchange of ou or w conf. Walter and Gautier, Vadum or Wadum, French gué.
2 Roundelays.] See the French 'rondelet.'

<sup>5</sup> Pelagio.] King of Asturias, founded Oviedo, and defeated the Moors at Caradonga, A.D. 718. See Byron's 'Age of Bronze,' one

Pelagio.'

<sup>4</sup> Cava's traitor-sire.] Caba or Cava, the Moorish name for Florinda, daughter of Count Julian of Andalusia, who, to revenge himself on Roderick, the last king of the Visigotha, who had carried off Cava, the Helen of Spain, invited the Moors from Africa. For the story see Scott's 'Vision of Don Roderick,' written 1811; and Southey's 'Roderick,' written in 1814; also see Washington Irving's 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada,'

When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee
wrong?

## XXXVII

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through you engine's roar:
In every peal she calls—'Awake! arise!'
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

### XXXVIII

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note? Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath? Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote, Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death, The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe; Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc, 1

Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

## XXXIX

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,<sup>2</sup> His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun, With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands, And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon; Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Siroc.] The hot wind. Italian scirocco, from Arabic charqui, 'eastern.' East wind.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The battle of Talavera on the Tagus in New Castile, 1809. The Spaniards under Cuesta, the English under Wellesley, the French under Marshal Victor.

Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet,

## XL

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

## XLI

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,¹
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

## XLII

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools! Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay! Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools, The broken tools, that tyrants cast away By myriads, when they dare to pave their way With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone. Can despots 2 compass aught that hails their sway? Or call with truth one span of earth their own, Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?

<sup>2</sup> Despots.] An allusion to Napoleon. These allusions are sected in great numbers over the first and second cantos. Sec-

'Age of Bronze.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ever fights in vain.] Of this victory Sir A. Wellesley writes to a friend: 'The victory which we gained at Talavera, although from circumstances it has not been followed by all the good consequences which we might have expected, has at least added to the military reputation of the country.'

# XLIII

Oh, Albuera! 1 glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim pricked his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and bleed!
Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient song.

### XLIV

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.
In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's good
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perished, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pursued.

#### XLV

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla 2 triumphs unsubdued!
Yet is she free—the spoiler's wished-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain, or Ilion, Tyre might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to thrive.

#### XLVI

But all unconscious of the coming doom The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;

1 Albuera.] May 15, 1811. The British and Portuguese under Beresford, the French commanded by Soult. Sir William Napier says, that in this terrible struggle was seen 'with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights.' Albuera is south of Badajoz. 2 Sevilla.] The French entered Seville in 1810, and retired from it in 1812. Under the name Hispalis, she was one of the most important towns in ancient Spain. It stands on the Guadalquivir.

3 Ilion. ] Troy, NW. of Asia Minor.

Strange modes of merriment the hours consume, Nor bleed these patriots with their country's wounds; Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck 1 sounds; Here Folly still his votaries inthralls; And young-eyed 2 Lewdness walks her midnight rounds; Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals, Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering walls.

Not so the rustic—with his trembling mate He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar, Lest he should view his vineyard desolate, Blasted below the dun hot breath of war. No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star Fandango 8 twirls his jocund castanet: Ah, monarchs! 4 could ye taste the mirth ye mar, Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret; The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy yet

## XLVIII

How carols now the lusty muleteer? Of love, romance, devotion is his lay, As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer, His quick bells wildly jingling on the way? No! as he speeds, he chants 'Vivā el Rey!' And checks his song to execrate Godoy,5 The royal wittol<sup>6</sup> Charles, and curse the day When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed boy, And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate joy.

1 Rebeck. L'Allegro, 'And the jocund rebecks sound.' A

stringed instrument.

2 Young-eyed.] Conf. 'pale-eyed priest' (Milton in the 'Ode on the Nativity'), and 'green-eyed jealousy' in Shakspeare. <sup>3</sup> Fandango.] A Spanish dance, supposed to be of Moorish

origin. Monarchs. | See Cowper-

'What are ye monarchs, laureled heroes, say, But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?'

5 Godoy. | Don Manuel Godoy, the Duke of Alcudia, a creature of Maria Louisa of Parma, the wife of Charles IV. of Spain, alluded to in the next line as 'the royal wittol,' signifying that he knew his wife's infamy. Godoy was entitled by Charles IV. Prince of Peace' (El 'Principe de la Paz'), because he concluded in 1795 the Treaty of Basle, which rendered his country subservient to France.

6 Wittol.] See Glossary.

#### XLIX

On you long, level plain, at distance crowned With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest. Wide scattered hoof-marks dint the wounded ground; And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darkened vest Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest: Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host. Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest: Still does he mark it with triumphant boast; And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and lost.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,1 Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet: Woe to the man that walks in public view Without of loyalty this token true: Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke: And sorely would the Gallic forman rue, If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke, Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's smoke.

At every turn Morena's 2 dusky height Sustains aloft the battery's iron load; And, far as mortal eye can compass sight, The mountain-howitzer, the broken road, The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed, The stationed bands, the never-vacant watch, The magazine in rocky durance stowed, The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch, The ball-piled pyramid, the ever blazing-match,

# LII

Portend the deeds to come :—but he whose nod Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,

<sup>2</sup> Morena.] The Sierra Morena, a mountain chain separating the valleys of the Tagus and Guadalquivir.

<sup>5</sup> Howitzer.] See Glossary.

<sup>1</sup> The badge of crimson hue. ] The red cockade of Ferdinand VII., in whose favour Charles IV. had abdicated, though he subsequently withdrew his abdication. Both father and son were puppets in the hands of Napoleon.

A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod : A little moment deigneth to delay: Soon will his legions sweep through these their way: The West must own the Scourger of the world.1 Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day, When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled. And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades hurled.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave. To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign? No step between submission and a grave? The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain? And doth the Power that man adores ordain Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal ! Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain? And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal, The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused, Hangs on the willow 5 her unstrung guitar, And, all unsexed, the anlace 6 hath espoused, Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war? And she, whom once the semblance of a scar Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread, Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar, The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

<sup>1</sup> The Scourger of the World.] Implies a comparison between Napoleon and Attila, king of the Huns, called 'The Scourge of God.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> To Hades.] 'Atδει προίαψεν in Homer's 'Iliad,' bk. i. 3. 3 And Counsel sage.] An exaggerated praise for the ever

divided counsels of the Provincial Juntas.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> The Spanish maid.] Augustina, the Maid of Saragoza. The siege of Saragoza was commenced June 15, and raised August 4, 1808. The exploits of the Maid of Saragoza inspired as much courage

into the besieged as Joan of Arc had inspired at the siege of Orleans.

\*\*Willow.\*\* Abandoned love. 'Dido with the Willow.' Willow is ever associated with unhappy love. 'Instead of poppies, willows,' → Don Juan.'

Mulace.] See Glossary.

#### T.V

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

## LVI

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall?

# LVII

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love:
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
In softness as in firmness far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

### LVIII

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch: Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest, Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:

<sup>1</sup> Gorgon face.] On the shield or ægis of Pallas Athene, which petrified every beholder—see Canto ii. 14,

Her glance how wildly beautiful! how much Hath Phoebus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek, Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch! Who round the North for paler dames would seek? How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan, and weak!

## T.TY

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to laud;
Match me, ye harems of the land where now
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that even a cynic must avow;
Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—deign to know,
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

## LX

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain-majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her
wing.

# LXI

Oft have I dreamed of Thee! whose glorious name Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore: And now I view thee, 'tis, alas, with shame That I in feeblest accents must adore.

<sup>1</sup> Ye harens of the land.] Harem and Houri imply that this stanza was written in Turkey.

Harem—derived from Arabic 'charam,' an 'inviolable' spot. Houri—from Arabic 'hour' and 'ain,' a celestial beauty, the white and black in whose eyes are clearly marked.

white and black in whose eyes are clearly marked.

<sup>2</sup> Parnussus.] 'Mons Bifidus,' the sacred mount of Delphi, famed for Apollo's oracle and the Castalian fount, from which to drink was to gain inspiration.

When I recount thy worshippers of yore I tremble, and can only bend the knee; Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar, But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

#### T.XTT

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been, Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot, Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene, Which others rave of, though they know it not? Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot, And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave, Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot, Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave, And glides with glassy foot o'er you melodious wave.

#### LXIII

Of thee hereafter. 2—Even amidst my strain I turned aside to pay my homage here; Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain; Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear; And hailed thee, not perchance without a tear. Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt Let me some remnant, some memorial bear; Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant, 3 Nor let thy votary's hope be deemed an idle vaunt.

#### LXIV

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love, than Andalusia's maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her glades.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> O'er yon melodious wave.] The Castalian fount. The Pythian priestess, as the legend runs, derived her inspiration from copious draughts of its waters.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Of thee hereafter.] See Canto iii.

<sup>3</sup> Daphne's deathless plant.] The hallowed bay, the poet's prize.

# LXV

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;
But Cadiz,¹ rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

# LXVI

When Paphos <sup>2</sup> fell by Time—accursed Time !
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea, <sup>3</sup>
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee,
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white;
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand alters rise, for ever blazing bright.

# LXVII

From morn till night,<sup>4</sup> from night till startled Morn Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew, The song is heard, the rosy garland worn; Devices quaint,<sup>5</sup> and frolics ever new, Tread on each other's kibes.<sup>6</sup> A long adieu He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:

1 Cadiz.] Cadiz, a Phœnician town, the seat of the Spanish Junta, besieged to no purpose by the French under General Sebastiani. Its vicious character is noted in this and the following stanzas.

<sup>2</sup> Paphos.] In the island of Cyprus—also a Phœnician settlement—and partook of that immoral character which is connected with Phœnician places and legends. (See Gladstone's 'Juventus Mundi.')

<sup>5</sup> Constant to her native sea.] Hence her name 'Αφροδίτη, from which sprung Anadyomena—emerging from the sea.

4 From morn till night.] Conf. Milton-

'From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,'

Quaint.] See Glossary.
 Kibes.] See Glossary,

Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu Of true devotion monkish incense burns, And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

## LXVIII

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest:
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
Hark! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar?¹
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The thronged arena shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.

# LXIX

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.

London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:
Then thy spruce citizen, washed artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of Hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

# LXX

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribboned fair, Others along the safer turnpike fly, Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware, And many to the steep of Highgate hie. Ask ye, Beetian shades! 5 the reason why? "Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,6"

<sup>1</sup> Description of a bull-fight on the Spanish Sunday.

<sup>2</sup> Smug.] See Glossary.

<sup>3</sup> Coach of Hackney.] Conf. 'The chair of Bath,' or 'The chair of Sedan.'

4 Whiskey.] One-horse chaise, sometimes called a 'Tim-whiskey.'

<sup>5</sup> Bœotian shades.] Written in Greece.
<sup>6</sup> The solemn Horn has a double reference to the carouses of Sunday revellers, and to the Phallic rites of the old mysteries, in which adoration is offered to the Earth Mother, the great producer

Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till
morn.

### LXXI

All have their fooleries—not alike are thine, Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea! Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine, Thy saint adorers count the rosary: Much is the Virgin teased to shrive them free

From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen 1 be; Then to the crowded circus forth they fare: Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

## LXXII

The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, 2 but chiefly dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle 3 of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

## LXXIII

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds, With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance, Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds, And lowly bending to the lists advance; Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly 4 prance: If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,

- <sup>1</sup> Beadsmen.] See Keats-
  - 'Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told His rosary.'
- <sup>2</sup> Dons, grandees.] The Spanish Hidalgo, the 'son of somebody' in Spanish.
- 5 Ogle.] See Glossary.
  4 Featly.] Cf. Spenser's 'fetisly.' The root of the word is from fa-cio, 'faire,' to do.

The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance, Best prize of better acts, they bear away, And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

## LXXIV

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore <sup>1</sup>
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds: but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

# LXXV

Thrice sounds the clarion: lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

# LXXVI

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe 2 the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak
his woes.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Matadore.] From the Latin mactator, the waver of the red flag in the arena of the bull-fight, who takes off the bull's attention.

<sup>2</sup> Croupe.] See Glossary.

## LXXVII

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

# LXXVIII

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge 2 hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

# LXXIX

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine, Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies. He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline: Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries, Without a groan, without a struggle dies. The decorated car appears—on high The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy, Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

# LXXX

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain. Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.

Brast.] By Metathesis for 'burst.'
 Conynge.] See Glossary,

What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanxed host should meet the foe.
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm stream
must flow. 1

## LXXXI

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,
His withered centinel, Duenna sage! 
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern dotard deemed he could encage,
Have passed to darkness with the vanished age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving Queen?

#### LXXXII

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold loved, Or dreamed he loved, since rapture is a dream; But now his wayward bosom was unmoved, For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream; And lately had he learned with truth to deem Love has no gift so grateful as his wings: how fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem, Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

- One of the few instances in the poem in which Byron moralises practically from his own experience. Conf.—
  - 'One breast laid open were a school
    Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine and rule.'
- <sup>2</sup> Centinel.] From the French sentinelle, is wrongly spelt by Byron. Several of his words have little authority for their support. Scott spells the verb centinel.
- Duenna.] See Glossary.

  Loved, or dreamed he loved.] Conf. Canto ii. s. xli.—'He felt, or deemed he felt.' Not an uncommon expression in Byron.
- <sup>5</sup> Lethe.] The river of 'Oblivion' in the ancient Hell.
  <sup>6</sup> It is unsafe to interpret all these cynical passages as personally true. Byron is often led by the facilitas scribendi. His description of the Paphian joys of Harold's home is drawn much from his imagination. 'I rattle on exactly as I talk.'—See 'Don Juan,' cxv.

# LXXXIII

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;
Not that Philosophy on such a mind
E'er deigned to bend her chastely-awful eyes:
But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:
Pleasure's palled victim! life-abhorring gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

## LXXXIV

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng;
But viewed them not with misanthropic hate:
Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Poured forth this unpremeditated lay,'
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier day.

# TO INEZ.

1

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow;
Alas! I cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

0

And dost thou ask what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, even thou must fail to soothe?

1 Unpremeditated lay.] Quoted from Scott ('Lay of the Last Minstrel'):—

'He poured to lords and ladies gay His unpremeditated lay.'
When to Scott he again refers, in Canto iv. s. xl., he amply retracts the fierceness of his onslaught upon him in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' His quotations from other poems are not numerous, though his references to them are abundant in 'Childe

8

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

4

It is that weariness which springs From all I meet, or hear, or see: To me no pleasure Beauty brings; Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer 1 bore,
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

f

What Exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

7

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem, And taste of all that I forsake; Oh! may they still of transport dream, And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I 've known the worst.

y

What is that worst? Nay do not ask—
In pity from the search forbear;
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The fubled Hebrew wanderer.] The wandering Jew. Ahasu-erus, a Jew refusing to assist our Lord when bearing His cross, was doomed to wander for ever.

# LXXXV

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
When all were changing thou alone wert true,
First to be free, and last to be subdued:
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye,
A traitor only fell! beneath the feud:
Here all were noble, save Nobility;
None hugged a conqueror's chain, save fallen Chivalry!

### LXXXVI

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate! They fight for freedom who were never free, A Kingless people? for a nerveless state; Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee, True to the veriest slaves of Treachery: Fond of a land which gave them nought but life, Pride points the path that leads to Liberty; Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife, War, war is still the cry, 'War even to the knife!'

## LXXXVII

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know, Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—
So 4 may he guard the sister and the wife,
So 4 may he make each curst oppressor bleed—
So 4 may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

<sup>2</sup> A Kingless people.] Both Charles IV. and his son had abdicated, while King Joseph (Buonaparte) was unrecognised.

<sup>5</sup> War even to the knife.] 'Guerra al cuchillo.' The answer of Palafox, the defender of Saragoza, to the French summons to surrender.

<sup>4</sup> So.] Used like the French ainsi (thus) in its natural sense: often used by Byron in the sense of 'if in this case.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A traitor only fell.] Solano, Captain General of Andalusia, was massacred by the mob of Cadiz, who accused him of reluctance to oppose the French. 1808.

# LXXXVIII

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead? Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain : Look on the hands with female slaughter red: Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain. Then to the vulture let each corse remain, Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw; Let their bleached bones, and blood's unbleaching stain. Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe: Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

## LXXXIX

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done: 1 Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees: It deepens still, the work is scarce begun, Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees. Fallen nations gaze on Spain; if freed she frees More than her fell Pizarros 2 once enchained: Strange retribution! now Columbia's 3 ease Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustained, While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrained.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed, Not all the marvels of Barossa's 4 fight, Not Albuera lavish of the dead, Have won for Spain her well asserted right. When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight? When shall she breathe her 5 from the blushing toil?

<sup>1</sup> The French did not really evacuate Spain till March 1814.

when Ferdinand VII. was restored to his country.

2 More than her fell Pizarros. The two brothers, Francis and Gonzalez Pizarro, about 1475, who bravely but cruelly laid the foundation of the Spanish empire in Peru.

<sup>5</sup> Columbia.] The freedom of Columbia from Spain's dominion

was asserted by Bolivar in 1811.

4 Barossa. Defeat of the French by General Graham, near

Cadiz, March 5, 1811. <sup>5</sup> Breathe her.] A construction not unusual with rest, sit, but very exceptional in the present case. Cf. Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes: '-

"He found him in a little moonlit room."

How many a doubtful day shall sink in night, Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil, And Freedom's stranger-tree 1 grow native of the soil!

## XCI

And thou, my friend! 2—since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
But thus unlaureled to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

#### XCIT

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness awaking to her wees,
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourned and mourner lie united in repose.

#### XCIII

Here is one fytte <sup>3</sup> of Harold's pilgrimage:
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe. <sup>4</sup>
Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doomed to go:
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld, <sup>5</sup>
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quelled.

Coimbra, in Portugal, 1811.

\* Eld.] See Glossary.

<sup>1</sup> Stranger-tree.] 'We will lodge there (in England) 50,000 caps of liberty, we will plant there the sacred tree,'—Letter from French Minister of Marine to the Friends of Liberty in England, 1793.
2 My friend.] John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died at

<sup>5</sup> Fyite.] See Komance, 'Sir Tristram,' of Thomas of Erceldoune 4 Moe.] See Glossary.

# SECOND CANTO.

1

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven! but thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire—
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow?
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts bestow.

п

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that
were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole 3
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

<sup>1</sup> Blue-eyed maid of heaven.] 'Bright-eyed,' or 'owl-eyed.' γλανκῶπις 'Αθήνη. See Byron's 'Curse of Minerva.'

<sup>2</sup> Of men who never felt the sacred glow.] Grecian independence was not secured till three years after Lord Byron's death, by the treaty of London in 1827.

<sup>3</sup> The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole.] Without any further comment, the reader must mark for himself this and other cases of alliteration. 'Sophist's stole,' the philosophic garb—the term sophist in Byron being chiefly used in the primary sense of philosopher, as in 'Prom. Vinctus' of Æschylus,

## ш

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here: Come—but molest not you defenceless urn: Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre! Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn. Even gods must yield—religions take their turn: 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's 1—and other creeds Will rise with other years, till man shall learn Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds; Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

### IV

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven— Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given, That being, thou wouldst be again, and go, Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so a On earth no more, but mingled with the skies? Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe? Regard and weigh you dust before it flies: That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound; 4 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps: He fell, and falling nations mourned around; But now not one of saddening thousands weeps, Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell. Remove you skull from out the scattered heaps: Is that a temple where a God may dwell? Why even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

1. 'Tis Mahomet's. The Turks were masters of Athens at this

ame Aiantis.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Poor child of Doubt and Death.] The religious belief of Byron is ever oscillating. It would be unfair to argue a general scepticism from passages of this kind. In many places he admits the existence of God and the efficiency of prayer. (Canto iii. ss. lxxxix. xci.)

So.] Equivalent to 'if only.'

The tomb of Ajax, from whom a Deme of Athens took the

#### VI

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
And Passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

#### VII

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!

'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'

Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?

Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.

Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;

Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:

There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,

But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

#### VIII

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

<sup>1</sup> All that we know is, nothing can be known.] This is rather teaching of the Ionian school, πάντα ρεί, or of the sophists, than of the wisest of Athens' sons—Socrates—or of his disciple Plato, who admitted the possibility of a knowledge of that which was real and immutable—τὸ ον οι νούμενον. See the 'Nosce teipsum' of Socrates.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Acheron.] See stanza li. note <sup>2</sup>.
<sup>5</sup> 'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Bactrian.] Zoroaster, who recognised and taught the principle of the dualism of good and evil, about 500 B.c.
<sup>5</sup> Samian.] Pythagoras, about 583 B.C., one of whose most

IX

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead
When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant¹ breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
Be as it may Futurity's behest,
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

x

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn! was thy favourite throne:
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye
Restore what time hath laboured to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by.

XI

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas lingered, 3 loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he?
Blush Caledonia! such thy son could be!
England! I joy no child he was of thine:
Thy free-born men should spare what once was free;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.4

practical tenets was by tradition reputed to be the importance of daily self-examination.

1 Vacant. Conf. Horace, Od. i. 5, 10, 'Qui semper vacuam'-

unoccupied by any other love, constant.

<sup>2</sup> Son of Saturn.] The temple of Zeus Olympius.
<sup>3</sup> Where Pallas lingered.] The Parthenon, for the spoliation of which Byron thus vituperates Lord Elgin, 'the Pict,' who sold 'the Elgin marbles' obtained from Athens, to the British nation in 1816. Byron classes Elgin with Alaric in 'Curse of Minerva.'

4 Long-reluctant brine.] The ship conveying them was wrecked

in the Archipelago.

## XII

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared:
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's chains.

#### XIII

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue, Albion was happy in Athena's tears? Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung, Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears; The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears The last poor plunder from a bleeding land: Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears, Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand, Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to stand.

#### XIV

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that appalled Stern Alaric¹ and Havoc on their way? Where Peleus¹¹ son? whom Hell in vain enthralled, His shade from Hades upon that dread day Bursting to light in terrible array! What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more, To scare a second robber from his prey? Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore, Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before.

#### vv

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee, Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved; Dull is the eye that will not weep to see Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Alaric.] The Goth, was driven out of Greece by Stilicho, A.D. 402. The popular story is here alluded to, that Athens was defended by the shade Achilles, 'Peleus' son,' released from the Stygian shore.

By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatched thy shrinking Gods to northern climes
abhorred!

# XVI

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Little recked he of all that men regret;
No loved-one now in feigned lament could rave;
No friend the parting hand extended gave
Ere the cold stranger passed to other climes:
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

# XVII

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

#### XVIII

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns,<sup>2</sup> the netted canopy,<sup>3</sup>
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are manned on high;
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

from those on deck.

The dullest sailer.] The slowest vessel skimming quickly on.
 Well-reeved.] Carefully secured by ropes.
 The netted canopy.] The awning intended to ward off splinters

## XIX

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and feared by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to
nerve.

## XX

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs like these!

#### XXI

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's '1 restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

#### IIXX

Through Calpe's straits 2 survey the steepy shore; Europe and Afric on each other gaze!

2 Calpe's straits. ] Gibraltar.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Arion.] The story is told by Herodotus of Arion, the inventor of the dithyramb (in honour of Dionysus), and the sailors who threw him into the sea in place of putting him to a more violent death, being won by the power of his song. A dolphin conveyed him to Corinth.

Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's <sup>1</sup> blaze: How softly on the Spanish shore she plays, Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown, Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase; But Mauritania's <sup>2</sup> giant-shadows frown, From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

## YYIII

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who, with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

# XXIV

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

#### XXV

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;

<sup>1</sup> Hecate's.] Diana or Luna, the moon, Diva triformis.
<sup>2</sup> Mauritania.] Morocco. For a similarity of suffix supposed to be Basque, itan or esten, as in Turkestan, conf. Britannia, the land of the Brits.

Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean: This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

## XXVI

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men, To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess, And roam along, the world's tired denizen, With none who bless us, none whom we can bless; Minions of splendour shrinking from distress! None that, with kindred consciousness endued, If we were not, would seem to smile the less. Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued: This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

### XXVII

More blest the life of godly eremite,2 Such as on lonely Athos 3 may be seen, Watching at eve upon the giant height, Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene, That he who there at such an hour hath been Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot; Then slowly tear him from the witching scene. Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot, Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

# XXVIII

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind; Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack, And each well-known caprice of wave and wind; Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find, Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel; The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind, As breezes rise and fall and billows swell. Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

missible etymologically.

3 Athos. In the ancient 'Chersonesus Chalcidica,' the 'Holy Mountain,' with its nineteen convents and 6,000 monks.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> None.] An involved, though easily intelligible sentence. None of all that followed, sought, and sued, with kindred consciousness endued, would, if we were not, seem to smile the less.

<sup>2</sup> Eremite.] έρημος, child of the desert. 'H' in hermit is inad-

# XXIX

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles, 
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:
Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide:
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly sighed.

# XXX

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But checked by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

# XXXI

Thus Harold deemed, as on that lady's eye
He looked, and met its beam without a thought
Save admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deemed the little God his ancient sway was o'er.

# IIXXX

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some amaze, One who, 'twas said, still sighed to all he saw,

<sup>1</sup> Calypso's isles.] The island of Goza is the island Ogygia (Calypso's isle). The goddess detained Ulysses, but was commanded by Zeus to release him to his 'mortal bride,' Penelope. 'His boy,' Telemachus. Mentor corresponds in character and function to the Abrahamic Eliezer of Damascus,

Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hailed with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law,
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims:
And much she marvelled that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feigned at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger
dames.

# XXXIII

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now masked in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turned aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

### XXXIV

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
What careth she for hearts when once possessed?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;
Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes:
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy
hopes.

# XXXV

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured, when love itself forgets to please.

<sup>1</sup> Tropes.] Figures, or the hyperbolical language of a lover. See in 'Hamlet' this use of 'tropically.'

# XXXVI

Away! nor let me loiter in my song, For we have many a mountain-path to tread, And many a varied shore to sail along, By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led— Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head Imagined in its little schemes of thought: Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,2 To teach man what he might be, or he ought; If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still. Though alway changing, in her aspect mild; From her bare bosom let me take my fill, Her never-weaned, though not her favoured child. Oh! she is fairest in her features wild, Where nothing polished dares pollute her path: To me by day or night she ever smiled, Though I have marked her when none other hath, And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

# XXXVIII

Land of Albania! 4 where Iskander 5 rose, Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise, And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprize:

<sup>1</sup> Utopias.] The Atopia, the strange place, outside the world's

geography; the ideal state of Sir Thomas More.

3 Ared.] See Glossary.

5 Her never-weaned.] The intensity of Byron's love for nature is everywhere manifest—see Stanza xxv.; Canto iii. ss. xiii., lix., xciii., cix.; Canto iv. s. clxxviii. This love of nature had died among the mechanical and metaphysical poets, till Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron revived it. See Wordsworth-

'I love the brooks which down their channels fret, Even more than when I tripped lightly as they.

4 Albania. The north-western part of Greece, including part of ancient Epirus.

<sup>5</sup> Iskander.] Alexander, called by the Turks Iskander Beg. or Alexander the Bey, an Albanian chief, whose European name was George Castriot, and who resisted most bravely the Ottomans at the close of the fifteenth century.

Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men! The cross descends, thy minarets arise, And the pale crescent is sparkles in the glen, Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

# XXXIX

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot,<sup>2</sup> Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave; And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot, The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.3 Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save That breast imbued with such immortal fire? Could she not live who life eternal gave? If life eternal may await the lyre, That only heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

# XL

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar; A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave: Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war, Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar; 6 Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight (Born beneath some remote inglorious star) In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight, But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial wight.

<sup>1</sup> The country being Turkish is mostly Mahammedan.

<sup>2</sup> The barren spot.] Ithaca.

<sup>3</sup> The Leabian's grave.] Sappho the Lesbian, the most celebrated poetess of ancient days, B.C. 600, called by Plato the tenth Muse. According to tradition she threw herself from the Leucadian promontory in the south of the island. See 'Leucadia's far-projecting

rock of woe' (Stanza xli.).

\* Actium. The battle of Actium, in Acarnania, south of Epirus, was fought B.C. 31, between Augustus, 'the second Cæsar,'

and Antony and Cleopatra (see Stanza xlv.).

5 Lepanto.] At the northern entrance into the Gulf of Corinth, the scene of the Turkish defeat by the Austrian fleet, 1571.

<sup>6</sup> Trafalgar.] The defeat of the French fleet by Nelson, 1805, off Cadiz.

# XLI

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe, 
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

### X I.II

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's hills, Dark Suli's 2 rocks, and Pindus' 3 inland peak, Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills, Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak, Arise; and, as the clouds along them break, Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer:

Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak, Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,

And gathering storms around convulse the closing year.

# XLIII

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view:
His breast was armed 'gainst fate, his wants were few;
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet;
The scene was savage, but the scene was new;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's
heat.

### XLIV

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here, Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised, Forgets that pride to pampered priesthood dear; Churchman and votary alike despised.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe.] See above (Stanza xxxix.).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Suli. On the coast of Epirus.

<sup>5</sup> Pindus.] Divides Thessaly and Athamania, east of Epirus.

Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised, Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross, For whatsoever symbol thou art prized, Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss! Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

# XLV

Ambracia's 1 gulf behold, where once was lost A world for woman, 2 lovely, harmless thing! In yonder rippling bay, their naval host Did many a Roman chief and Asian king <sup>3</sup> To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring: Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose: Now, like the hands that reared them, withering: Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!

Gop! was thy globe ordained for such to win and lose?

### XLVI

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime, Even to the centre of Illyria's 4 vales, Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime, Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales: Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe 5 boast A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails, Though classic ground and consecrated most. To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

# XLVII

He passed bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake, 6 And left the primal city of the land, And onwards did his further journey take To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:

- <sup>1</sup> Ambracia.] The modern Gulf of Arta. <sup>2</sup> Woman.] Cleopatra, the cause of quarrel between Antony and Octavia
- Asian king.] The Eastern allies of Antony.
   Illyria.] North of Epirus on the Adriatic.
   Tempe.] The beautiful valley of the Peneus, north of Thestaly. The valley is only five miles leng.

  - Acherusia's lake.] The lake near Yannina.
     Albania's chief.] Ali Pasha, the Albanian Napoleon.

Yet here and there some daring mountain-band Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

# XLVIII

Monastic Zitza !2 from thy shady brow, Thou small, but favoured spot of holy ground! Where'er we gaze, around, above, below, What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found! Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound. And bluest skies that harmonise the whole: Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

### XLIX

Amidst the grove that crowns you tufted hill, Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still, Might well itself be deemed of dignity, The convent's white walls glisten fair on high: Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he. Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest. Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees: Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast, From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze: The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease: Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay, And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

Hurl their defiunce far, &c.] Alludes to the betrayal of the castle of Suli, after a siege of 18 years, to the Albanians.
 Zitza.] Near Yannins.
 Culoyer.] From modern Greek, καλόγερος, monk.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight, Nature's volcanic amphitheatre, Chimæra's alps 1 extend from left to right: Beneath, a living valley seems to stir: Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fig Nodding above; behold black Acheron!<sup>2</sup> Once consecrated to the sepulchre. Pluto! if this be hell I look upon, Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek for none.

### LII

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view; Unseen is Yanina, though not remote, Veiled by the screen of hills: here men are few, Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot: But peering down each precipice, the goat Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock, The little shepherd in his white capote 4 Doth lean his boyish form along the rock, Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

# LIII

Oh! where, Dodona! 5 is thine aged grove, Prophetic fount, and oracle divine? What valley echoed the response of Jove? What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine? All, all forgotten—and shall man repine That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke? Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be thine: Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak? When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath the stroke.

shames Elysium, therefore close the gates of Heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Chimara's alps. The mountains of Chimara run down to the Adriatic.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Acheron.] A dark river of Thesprotia, gives its name to a river of Hell; from exos and piw, the stream of ache.

6 Close shamed Elysium's gates. If Hell be thus beautiful, it

<sup>\*</sup> Capote.] See Glossary.

\*\*Dodona.] The oak-grove oracle of the ancient Zeus, called here Jupiter, 'the Thunderer,' in Epirus.

# LIV

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yelad 1 in grassy dye:
Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
And woods along the banks are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

# LV

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,<sup>2</sup>
And Laos <sup>3</sup> wide and fierce came roaring by;
The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
When, down the steep banks winding warily,
Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing nigh,
He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthening
glen.

### LVI

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
Surveyed the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaimed his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons wait;
Within a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

### LVII

Richly caparisoned, a ready row Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,

Yclad.] The 'y' marks the old past participle, like ge and be
 Tomerit.] Anciently Mount Tomerus, close to Dodona.
 Laos.] Ancient river Aous, flows from Mount Tomerus by

<sup>3</sup> Laos.] Ancient river Aous, flows from Mount Tomerus by Tepeleni, the birthplace of Ali Pasha, whose 'glittering minarets' are his palace.

Santons.] From Italian and Spanish santo, Latin sanctus; puritans, by etymology—dervish.

Circled the wide extending court below; Above, strange groups adorned the corridore; And oft-times through the area's echoing door, Some high-capped Tartar spurred his steed away: The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor, Here mingled in their many-hued array, While the deep war-drum's sound announced the close of day.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee. With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun, And gold embroidered garments, fair to see ; The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon; The Delhi 1 with his cap of terror 2 on, The crooked glaive; 3 the lively, supple Greek; And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son: 4 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak, Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

# LIX

Are mixed conspicuous: some recline in groups, Scanning the motley scene that varies round; There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops, And some that smoke, and some that play, are found; Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground: Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate; Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound, The Muezzin's 5 call doth shake the minaret, 'There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!'

Just at this season Ramazani's 6 fast Through the long day its penance did maintain:

- 1 Delhi. Turkish horse-soldier, like Spahi in suffix. <sup>2</sup> Of terror.] Terribilis or terrible (of Rome, Romanus). Conf. Milton: 'and on his crest sat horror plumed.'
  - 5 Glaive.] See Glossary.

Mutilated son.] The cunuchs attached to the harem.
Muczzin.] The Turkish priest, who by his cry from the mosque

towers, calls the faithful Musalmans to prayer. The cry is, 'Prayer is better than sleep.' See 'Siege of Corinth,' stanza xi. and 'D. J.' viii.

\*\*Ramazani.\*\*] The Mahommedan fast of 30 days called Ramadan, in the ninth month (lunar) of the Mahommedan year,

But when the lingering twilight hour was past, Revel and feast assumed the rule again: Now all was bustle, and the menial train Prepared and spread the plenteous board within: The vacant gallery now seemed made in vain, But from the chambers came the mingling din. As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart. And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move, She yields to one her person and her heart, Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove: For, not unhappy in her master's love, And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares, Blest cares! all other feelings far above! Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears, Who i never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares.

# LXII

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring Of living water from the centre rose, Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling. And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose, All 2 reclined, a man of war and woes: Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace, While Gentleness her milder radiance throws Along that aged venerable face, The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

# LXIII

It is not that you hoary lengthening beard Ill suits the passions which belong to youth; Love conquers age—so Hafiz 3 hath averred, So sings the Teian,4 and he sings in sooth—

 Who.] Refers to the child.
 Ali.] Ali Pasha, born 1741; gained possession of Albania, and almost the whole of Greece; was executed in his own palace in

<sup>5</sup> Hafiz.] A Persian lyric poet, 1891, called the Persian Anacreon, 'the Poet of Love.'

<sup>4</sup> Teian.] Anacreon of Teos in the Archipelago, B.C. 478. The

poet of passion. Every nation has produced his type; France even Anacreon of the guillotine—Barère.

But crimes that scorn the tender voice of ruth,
Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth;
Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal span,
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began.

# LXIV

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both destroys.

# LXV

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need:
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead,

### LXVI

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower Thronging to war in splendour and success; And after viewed them, when, within their power, Himself awhile the victim of distress; That saddening hour when bad men hotlier 2 press: But these did shelter him beneath their roof, When less barbarians would have cheered him less, And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—3 In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the proof.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the most alliterative line in the poem.

<sup>2</sup> Hotlier.] Conf. fierier in 'C. H.' and 'Mazeppa,' xi., also slipperier in 'Sardanapalus.'

Alludes to the wreckers of Cornwall.

# LXVII

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore, When all around was desolate and dark; To land was perilous, to sojourn more; Yet for a while the mariners forbore, Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk: At length they ventured forth, though doubting sore That those who loathe alike the Frank 1 and Turk Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretched the welcome hand, Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous swamp, Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland, And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments damp, And filled the bowl, and trimmed the cheerful lamp, And spread their fare; though homely, all they had: Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp-To rest the weary and to soothe the sad, Doth lesson<sup>2</sup> happier men, and shames at least the bad.

.It came to pass, that when he did address Himself to quit at length this mountain-land, Combined marauders half-way barred egrees, And wasted far and near with glaive and brand; And therefore did he take a trusty band To traverse Acarnania's forest wide, In war well seasoned, and with labours tanned. Till he did greet white Achelous' tide, And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

Where lone Utraikey 5 forms its circling cove, And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,

5 Utraikey?]

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Frank.] i.e. Christian, applied to Europeans by Saracens, from Français, because the French were the chief crusaders. <sup>2</sup> Lesson. Used as a verb, just as 'repair' in Canto I. is used as a substantive.

Acarnania.] South of Epirus.
 Achelous.] The Aspropotamos flows from the Pindus mountains southward into the Adriatic.

How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene:—
Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence glean.

# LXXI

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,
And he that unawares had there ygazed '
With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
The native revels of the troop began;
Each Palikar 'his sabre from him cast,
And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled clan.

# LXXII

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
And viewed, but not displeased, the revelrie,
Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee;
And, as the flames along their faces gleamed,
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed,
While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half
screamed:—

1

TAMBOURG!! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war; All the sons of the mountains arise at the note, Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

<sup>5</sup> Tambourgi.] A drummer, from 'tambour,'

<sup>1</sup> Ygazed.] Analogically rather than really archai
2 Palikar.] Modern Greek παλληκάρων, originally a campfollower, afterwards a young soldier, from πάλληξ, a young man.

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote, In his snowy camese 1 and his shaggy capote? To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock. And descends to the plain like the stream from the rock.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live? Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego? What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race: For a time they abandon the cave and the chase: But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga 2 that dwell by the waves, And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves, Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar, And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply. My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy; Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair, And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth, Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe; Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre, And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previsa 3 fell, The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell;

1 Camese.] French chemise.
2 Parga.] The west coast of Epirus, as also Previsa (8). <sup>5</sup> Previsa. Near the site of Nicopolis, the ancient Actium. The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared, The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared.

9

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear; He neither must know who would serve the Vizier: Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped, Let the yellow-haired Giaours 1 view his horsetail 2 with dread; When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks, How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks!

11

Selictar! 3 unsheathe then our chief's scimitar: Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of war. Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore, Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

# LXXIII

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
And long accustomed bondage uncreate?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas's banks, and call thee from the tomb?

<sup>1</sup> Yellow-haired Giaours.] The 'followers of the dog,' Christians. 2 Horsetail.] The badge of his power as a Pasha, of one, two, or three tails. See 'Siege of Corinth,' 22, 'The horsetails are plucked,' &c.

<sup>&</sup>amp;c.

Selictar.] See Glossary.

Bleak Thermopylæ.] The epithet is appropriate to the mountain pass which is the grave of the brave Three Hundred, who, under Leonidas, opposed the Persian entrance into Locri, B.C. 480.

Eurotas.] River of Sparta.

### LXXIV

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's¹ brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand;
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed,
unmanned.

LXXV

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful page.

### LXXVI

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

# LXXVII

The city won for Allah 4 from the Giaour, The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;

<sup>1</sup> Phyle.] In Attica, where Thrasybulus collected his band for their attack on the Thirty Tyrants of Athens, B.C. 408. See 'Curse of Minerva.'

<sup>2</sup> Who would be free, &c.] Has passed into a proverb, like Canto i., 'Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.' See 'D. J.' viii. 185.

5 Helots.] The old serfs of the Spartans, the old Achean race.
 Subdued by the Dorian invaders of the Peloponnesus.
 4 Allah.] The Arabic name for God, from the Hebrew El.

And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;
Or Wahab's <sup>1</sup> rebel brood who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedem seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil.

# LXXVIII

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

# LXXIX

And whose more rife with merriment than thine, Oh Stamboul! 2 once the empress of their reign? Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine, 3 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain: (Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!) Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng, All felt the common joy they now must feign, Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song, As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along

### T.YYY

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore; Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,

The Turks conquered Constantinople, of which Serai (Seraglio) is a tower, 1458.

<sup>1</sup> Wahab's.] The Wahabees, a fanatical sect of the Maham-medans, who sprang up in the last century. Iconoclastic in their notions, they ransacked the prophet's tomb. The kingdom of Central Arabia is Wahabee.

\* Stamboul.] Though derived from the Greek & την πόλιν, is the

Turkish name for Constantinople.

<sup>5</sup> Sophia's shrine.] The church of Sophia, now a mosque, was built by Constantine the Great and succeeding emperors. Sophia was martyred at Rome in the reign of Adrian.

And timely echoed back the measured oar, And rippling waters made a pleasant moan: The Queen of tides 1 on high consenting shone, And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave. Twas, as if darting from her heavenly throne, A brighter glance her form reflected gave,

Till sparkling billows seemed to light the banks they lave.

Glanced many a light caïque 2 along the foam. Danced on the shore the daughters of the land, Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home. While many a languid eye and thrilling hand Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand, Or gently prest, returned the pressure still: Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band, Let sage or cynic prattle as he will, These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

### LXXXII

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade, Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain, Even through the closest searment 3 half betrayed? To such the gentle murmurs of the main Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain; To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain: How do they loathe the laughter idly loud, And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

# LXXXIII

This must be feel, the true-born son of Greece, If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast: Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace, The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost, Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost. And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword: Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee most-Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

<sup>1</sup> Queen of tides.] The moon. Conf. Hamlet-'The moist star, upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.' <sup>2</sup> Caique.] See Glossary.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Searment.] Sear or sore, therefore bandage, disguise.

# LXXXIV

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
Can man its shattered splendour renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate?

# LXXXV

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe, Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou! Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow, Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now: Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow, Commingling slowly with heroic earth, Broke by the share of every rustic plough: So perish monuments of mortal birth, So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

### LXXXVI

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's 2 airy shrine adorns
Colonna's 2 cliff, and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave;
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze and sigh 'Alas!'

# LXXXVII

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild; Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,

¹ Conf. Burke's speech on February 9, 1790: 'The French have shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Tritonia.] The ruins of the temple of Tritonia (Athene) now stand on Colonna, and give their name to the promontory anciently Sunium. Columna, in Italian colonna, a column.

Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled, And still his honied wealth Hymettus ' yields; There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds, The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air; Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds, Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare; Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

# LXXXVIII

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.<sup>2</sup>

### LXXXIX

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

### XC

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,

<sup>1</sup> Hymettus.] Still, as of yore, famed for its bees, as Pentelicus (Mendeli), in Attica, was famed for its marble quarries.

<sup>2</sup> Marathon.] Still full of the memorials of the great victory of Miltiades over the Persians, 490 B.C.

Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

# XCI

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng; Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast, Hail the bright clime of battle and of song; Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore; Boast of the aged! lesson of the young! Which sages venerate and bards adore, As Pallas and the Muse unveiled their awful lore.

### XCII

The parted bosom 2 clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth:
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

### XCIII

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste;
But spare its relics—let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:
Revere the remnants nations once revered:
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of love and life endeared!

<sup>2</sup> The parted bosom.] Dis-parted, the bosom that has left its home—'partir.'

<sup>1</sup> With the Ionian blast.] The wind that bears to Greece—a Latinism. Compare the expression Littus Saxonicum for the eastern shore of Britain, because exposed to the Saxons.

### XCIV

For thee, who thus in too protracted song Hast soothed thine idlesse 'with inglorious lays,' Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng Of louder minstrels in these later days:

To such resign the strife for fading bays—
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

# XCV

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er returned to find fresh cause to roam!

### XCVI

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend.

# XCVII

Then must I plunge again into the crowd, And follow all that Peace disdains to seek? Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,

<sup>1</sup> Idlesse.] With French suffix, 'idleness.'

<sup>2</sup> Lays.] A word that has within the generation become obsolete comparatively.

5 He bewails his mother's death in the parent. The more than friend is 'Thyrza,' of whom we know nothing. See 'Thyrza' in 'Occasional Pieces.'

False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek, To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak; Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer, To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique? Smiles from the channel of a future tear, Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

# XCVIII

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's 1 page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed:
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
Since time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed,
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed.

1 To view each loved one, &c.] Conf. Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes: '-

'A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.'

And-

'Now kindred merit fills the sable bier, Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.'

Very different are the sentiments here from those of Wordsworth:—

'Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through our hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance that was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,' &c. &c.

# THIRD CANTO.

[In the interval between Cantos II. and III. Byron had married Miss Milbank; his daughter Ada was born; and his wife had left him, in 1816.]

T

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!

Ada!¹ sole daughter of my house and heart?

When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,

And then we parted,—not as now we part,

But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine
eye.

II

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome, to the roar!
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

### 771

In my youth's summer 2 I did sing of One, The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Ada.] Ada Byron married, in 1835, the Earl of Lovelace, and died in 1852.

<sup>2</sup> In my youth's summer.] We must measure Byron's life not by

Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

# 17

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that 1 it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so 1 it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

# v

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that 'no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

### VT

Tis to create,<sup>2</sup> and in creating live A being more intense, that we endow With form our fancy, gaining as we give The life we image, even as I do now.

years; his poetical precocity was very remarkable. He was now only 30 years of age, and utterly miscalculates the declension of his powers. Without any doubt Cantos III. and IV. are nobler than I. and II.

1 So that, and so (7th line).] Note this use. Also in v. 3.
2 'Tis to create.] Of no poet could it be said with more truth that he lives in his own creations. This fact constitutes Byron's 'subjectivity'—'egotism'—'vanity'—by these names has it been variously designated.

What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth.

# VII

Yet must I think less wildly:—I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned.<sup>1</sup> 'Tis too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time can not abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

# VIII

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent Harold re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

# IX

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood; but he filled again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which galled for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clanked not; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> My springs of life were poisoned.] To many influences this may refer, especially, perhaps, to that of his mother, who was the first to allude to that deformity on which his own mind so unhealthily brooded.

v

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed Again in fancied safety with his kind, And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed And sheathed with an invulnerable mind, That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind; And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find Fit speculation; such as in strange land He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

XΙ

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, rolled
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quelled
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompelled,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebelled;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

### XIII

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends; Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home; Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends, He had the passion and the power to roam;

1 Mountain scenery was with Byron a passion, from the time when, as a child, he visited the Highlands with his mother:—

'The infant rapture still survived the boy, And Lochnagar with Ida looked on Troy,'

The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam, Were unto him companionship; they spake A mutual language, clearer than the tome Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars, Till he had peopled them with beings bright As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars, And human frailties, were forgotten quite: Could he have kept his spirit to that flight He had been happy; 2 but this clay will sink Its spark immortal, envying it the light To which it mounts, as if to break the link That keeps us from you heaven which woos us to its brink.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,3 Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing, To whom the boundless air alone were home: Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome, As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat His breast and beak against his wiry dome Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again, With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom; The very knowledge that he lived in vain, That all was over on this side the tomb, Had made Despair a smilingness assume, Which, though twere wild,—as on the plundered wreck When mariners would madly meet their doom With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,— Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forebore to check.

<sup>1</sup> The Chaldean.] The primitive astrologers to whom we are indebted for the sun-dial. Chaldeans or Chasdim in Babylonia.

2 He had been happy.] Beatus fuisset.

5 Wearisome.] A passive use of the word, suffering weariness.

as in Puritan days a painful sermon was a sermon on which ad been expended.

Stop!—for thy tread  $^1$  is on an Empire's dust! An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below! Is the spot marked with no colossal bust? Nor column 2 trophied for triumphal show? None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so, As the ground was before, thus let it be ;— How that red rain hath made the harvest grow! And is this all the world has gained by thee, Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory!

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls, The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo! How in an hour the power which gave annuls Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too! In 'pride of place' here last the eagle flew, Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain, Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through; Ambition's life and labours all were vain; He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit And foam in fetters :—but is Earth more free? Did nations combat to make One 5 submit; Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty? What! shall reviving Thraldom again be The patched-up idol of enlightened days? Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we Pay the Wolf 6 homage? proffering lowly gaze And servile knees to thrones? No; prove before ye praise!

1 Thy tread.] Byron is traversing the field of Waterloo.
2 Column.] A column now exists, but was erected subsequent to Byron's visit.

<sup>5</sup> King-making Victory.] The issue of the battle of Waterloo was the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France. <sup>4</sup> Pride of place.] An expression derived from falconry—the

highest flight which the hawk attains.

5 One.] What the feeling of Byron was to Napoleon we can scarcely surmise. Under the frequent allusion we can discern great

fascination. See 'Mazeppa,' i., 'Age of Bronze,' 'D. J.' canto xvi.

6 Wolf.] It is not inconsistent with Byron's sympathy with the revolutionary Carbonari of Italy—the secret society whose

# XX

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions; all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword 1
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

### XXI

There was a sound of revelry by night,<sup>2</sup>
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

### XXII

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind, Or the car rattling o'er the stony street; On with the dance! let joy be unconfined; No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure' meet To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet— But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,

object was to destroy all kingly governments—to imagine that the word wolf may even mean Gueph. He dwells on this subject of monarchs again (and the Holy Alliance formed in 1815 between Russia, Austria, and Prussia) in Canto iv. st. xcv. See 'D. J.' iii. 147, viii. 26.

147, viii. 26.

1 Myrtle wreathes a sword.] Myrtle, as an emblem of love and peace, wreaths a sword when it gains the freedom of men, as when Harmodius and Aristogeiton, in 514 B.C., slew Hipparchus, and released Athens from the Peisistratids. See 'D. J.' xvi. 109.

<sup>2</sup> This description of the Duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels might well be learnt by heart.

Youth and Pleasure.] Conf. Gray, 'The Bard:'-

'In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes, Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm,' As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

# XXIII

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

# XXIV

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

# XXV

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! They come!
they come!'

<sup>1</sup> Brunswick's fated chieftain.] William Frederick, who was killed at Quatre Bras.

<sup>2</sup> His father.] Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, who promulgated in 1792 his manifesto of Coblentz, which led so disastrously to the murder of Louis XVI. He was killed at the

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' 1 rose! The war-note of Lochiel,2 which Albyn's 3 hills Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:-How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers With the fierce native daring which instils The stirring memory of a thousand years, And Evan's, 4 Donald's 5 fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes 6 waves above them her green leaves, Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass, Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, Over the unreturning brave,—alas! Ere evening to be trodden like the grass Which now beneath them, but above shall grow In its next verdure, when this fiery mass Of living valour, rolling on the foe And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

# XXVIII

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life, Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

battle of Auerstadt, the victory of Davoust over the Prussians, the same day as the battle of Jena, October 14, 1806.

1 Cameron's gathering.] A well-known piece of music, com-

monly called 'Lochiel's March.'

2 Lochiel.] The chief of the clan Cameron.

3 Albyn.] The Highlands, probably containing the Gaelic root

Alp, a mountain.

<sup>4</sup> Evan.] Sir Ewen Cameron, called Evandhu (Black Evan) of Lochiel, first to join the insurrection of 1652 in favour of King Charles II., and the last who held out against Cromwell. He fought

at Killiecrankie, though then an old man, and died in 1719.

5 Donald. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, grandson of the last, joined Charles Edward in 1745 with a considerable body of men, and fought at their head many times. After Culloden he retired to France, and died in 1748, after commanding the Regiment of

His great-grandson, Donald (of Lochiel), entered the Grenadier

Guards in 1814, and fought at Waterloo.

<sup>6</sup> Ardennes.] (In Celtic forest, the 'Sylva Arduenna' of Cæsar.) Extends from the Aisne to the Roer.

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

# XXIX

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant
Howard!

### XXX

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not
bring.

### XXXI

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each And one as all a ghastly gap did make In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake; The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Young gallant Howard.] The son of the Earl of Carlisle, the poet's guardian, to whom he had referred in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Howard, pronounced as a monosyllable, as Muezzin in 'Siege of Corinth' is a dissyllable, and Charles a dissyllable in 'Morgante Maggiore.'

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake The fever of vain longing, and the name So honoured but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

# XXXII

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthral:
The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:

# XXXIII

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass In every fragment multiplies; and makes A thousand images of one that was,

The same, and still the more, the more it breaks; And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,¹
Living in shattered guise; and still, and cold, And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches, Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

# XXXIV

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,—a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he name
threescore?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Brokenly.] Remark the use—as also forsakes (xxxiii. 5)—used absolutely, equivalent to 'forgets not.'

### XXXV

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man:
They are enough; and if thy tale 1 be true,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—
'Here, where the sword united nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day!'
And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

# XXXVI

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men, Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,<sup>3</sup>
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt;
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

# XXXVII

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!

She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became]
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

1 Tule.] Number. Conf. 'the tale of bricks,' Exodus; and Milton's 'L'Allegro: '---

' And every shepherd tells his tale.'

<sup>2</sup> Antithetically mixed.] Napoleon—'apt for all things, but excellent only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour, and noise more than true glory.'—De Tocqueville.

Napoleon died at St. Helena, 1821. From the management of an empire to the regulation of court etiquette, nothing was above or below Napoleon's mind. Compare Young's 'Night Thoughts'—

' From different natures marvellously mixt,'

## XXXVIII

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.

# XXXIX ·

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide With that untaught innate philosophy, Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride, Is gall and wormwood to an enemy. When the whole host of hatred stood hard by, To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favourite child, He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

### ХL

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them Ambition steeled thee on too far to show That just habitual scorn, which could contemn Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so To wear it ever on thy lip and brow, And spurn the instruments thou wert to use Till they were turned unto thine overthrow; 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose; So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

### XLI

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock:
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy
throne.

Their admiration thy best weapon shone; The part of Philip's son 1 was thine, not then

<sup>1</sup> Philip's son.] Alexander the Great, n.c. 386-328, the contemporary of Diogenes, the founder of the Cynics, so named from

(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

### XLII

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

# XLIII

This makes the madmen who have made men mad By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings, Founders of sects and systems, to whom add Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs, And are themselves the fools to those they fool; Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

### XLIV

Their breath is agitation, and their life A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last, And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife, That should their days, surviving perils past, Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast With sorrow and supineness, and so die; Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste With its own flickering, or a sword laid by Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

their misanthropic, or dog-like, nature. The philosophy was a practical contempt of human comforts.

The sense of the lines 6-9 is this: 'It was a mistaken policy in thee, like Diogenes, to mock at men, when it was rather thy part to build on their admiration like Alexander.'

<sup>1</sup> Medium.] The golden mean, in which Aristotle places all the virtues—τὸ μέσον. See 'Lara,' 'No tame trite medium.'

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow; 1 He who surpasses or subdues mankind, Must look down on the hate of those below. Though high above the sun of glory glow, And far beneath the earth and ocean spread, Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow Contending tempests on his naked head, And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

# XLVI

Away with these! 2 true Wisdom's world will be Within its own creation,3 or in thine, Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee, Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine? There Harold gazes on a work divine, A blending of all beauties; streams and dells, Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine, And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind, Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd, All tenantless, save to the crannying wind, Or holding dark communion with the cloud. There was a day when they were young and proud; Banners on high, and battles 4 passed below; But they who fought are in a bloody shroud, And those which waved are shredless dust ere now, And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

### XLVIII

Beneath these battlements, within those walls, Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state

1 Inaccurate in fact. The freedom from clouds of lofty peaks affords a favourite simile to poets and orators.

2 Away with these.] Enough of this—quid plura dicam? 3 Within its own creation, &c. ] The wise man's pleasure will be derived from his own powers or from Nature's gifts, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'

\* Battles.] Latin acies, battalions.

Each robber chief upheld his armed halls, Doing his evil will, nor less elate Than mightier heroes of a longer date. What want these outlaws conquerors should have But History's purchased page to call them great? A wider space, an ornamented grave? Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as

brave.

## XLIX

In their baronial feuds and single fields, What deeds of prowess unrecorded died! And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields, With emblems well devised by amorous pride, i Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide; But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on Keen contest and destruction near allied, -And many a tower for some fair mischief won, Saw the discoloured Rhine beneath its ruin run.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river! Making thy waves a blessing as they flow Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever Could man but leave thy bright creation so, Nor its fair promise from the surface mow With the sharp scythe of conflict,2—then to see Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me, Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe 3 be.

<sup>1</sup> Amorous pride.] Queen of Beauty; love gages given by ladies to their knights, and worn by them as distinctions in the

> 'It shall wave Like plumage on thy helmet brave.' 'Lady of the Lake,' c. iv. 27.

<sup>2</sup> Scythe of conflict.] Every generation from the days of Cæsar has witnessed the truth of this lament.

5 Lethe. A river of Hades bestowing forgetfulness. beauties of the Rhine are such as to erase the memory of other beauties; yet its loveliness to him is marred by the remembrance he cannot lose of the awful scenes of carnage that had taken place in their midst.

LI

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glassed, with its dancing light, the sunny ray;
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

T.TT

Thus Harold inly said, and passed along,
Yet not insensibly to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear:
Though on his brow were graven lies austere,
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

### LIII

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days Of passion had consumed themselves to dust. It is in vain that we would coldly gaze On such as smile upon us; the heart must Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust Hath weaned it from all worldlings: thus he felt, For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust In one fond breast, to which his own would melt, And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

### LIV

And he had learned to love,—I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,¹
Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,

<sup>1</sup> The helpless looks of blooming infancy.] Conf. with opening and closing passages in this canto.

To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipped affections have to grow,
In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to glow.

# LV

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

# 1

The castled crag of Drachenfels <sup>1</sup>
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

### 9

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Drachenfels.] One of the Sieben Gebirge, in Rhenish Prussia.

I send the lilies 1 given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

4

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

# LVI

By Coblentz,<sup>2</sup> on a rise of gentle ground, There is a small and simple pyramid, Crowning the summit of the verdant mound; Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid, Our enemy's—but let not that forbid Honour to Marceau! <sup>3</sup> o'er whose early tomb

<sup>1</sup> The lilies.] Compare Waller's inimitable ode, 'Go, lovely rose.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Coblentz (confluentes).] The junction of Rhine and Moselle.

<sup>5</sup> Marceau.] One of the pure spirits of the Revolution, was killed in 1796. He fought in the war of La Vendée, then in the Army of Ardennes, and then in that of Sambre-et-Meuse. He gained the respect of his countrymen and of the Austrians. He died at the age of 27.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Bliss was it in the dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven! Oh! times,

Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's lid, Lamenting and yet envying such a doom, Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

# LVII

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

# LVIII

Here Ehrenbreitstein,<sup>2</sup> with her shattered wall Black with the miner's blast, upon her height Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But Peace destroyed what War could never blight, And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.

### T T T

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted The stranger fain would linger on his way! Thine is a scene alike where souls united Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray; And could the ceaseless vulture cease to prey On self-condemning bosoms, it were here, Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay. Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere, Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance.'
Wordsworth (On the French Revolution).

The charter to chastise.] Note the connection.
Ehrenbreitstein.] The 'Broad Stone of Honour,' opposite Coblentz, one of the strongest fortifications in the world.

# LX

Adieu to thee, again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is coloured by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

# LXI

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom <sup>1</sup>
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped, as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them
fall.

# LXII

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

# LXIII

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan, There is a spot should not be passed in vain,—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> He enlarges on the rapid succession of beautiful objects—the precipice, the forest, the numerous Gothic churches and towns—on the Rhine.

Morat! 1 the proud, the patriot field! where man May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wandering ghost.

# LXIV

While Waterloo with Cannæ's <sup>2</sup> carnage vies, Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand; They were true Glory's stainless victories, Won by the unambitious heart and hand Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band, All unbought champions in no princely cause Of vice-entailed Corruption; they no land Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws Making kings' rights divine, <sup>3</sup> by some Draconic clause.

#### T.XV

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
"Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands.

1 Morat.] North of Freyburg, in Switzerland. The Swiss defeated Charles the Bold of Burgundy, 1476, and on its battle-field achieved their independence. The skulls of the dead lay for centuries on the battle-field.

<sup>2</sup> Cannæ.] The day of Rome's greatest disaster, the dies Cannensis. The Romans were defeated here, B.C. 216, by Hannibal. The village is on the banks of the Aufidus, in ancient Apulia.

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<sup>3</sup> Kings' rights divine.] The political views of Byron were at this time strongly anti-monarchical. Under the influence of Count Gamba, to which family the Countess Guiccioli belonged, he had involved himself in the revolutionary societies of Italy. See 'Island,' will

<sup>4</sup> Levelled Aventicum.] In opposition to coeval pride (line preceding). Aventicum, the old capital of Helvetia, the modern Avenches.

# LXVI

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia¹—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

## LXVII

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

## LXVIII

Lake Leman<sup>2</sup> woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their fold.

# LXIX

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind: All are not fit with them to stir and toil,

<sup>1</sup> Julia.] Julia Alpinula, the priestess of Avenches, died after a vain attempt to save her father, condemned to death by Aulus Cæcina, about A.D. 69. Her epitaph still remained unobliterated amidst universal ruin.

amidst universal ruin.

<sup>2</sup> Lake Leman.] The Lake of Geneva, Lacus Lemannus.

'Prisoner of Chillon,'—' Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls.'

Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are
strong.

# LXX

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
And colour things to come with hues of Night;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,
The boldest steer but where their ports invite;
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

### LXXI

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake;
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or bear?

# LXXII

I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me; and to me High mountains are a feeling, but the hum Of human cities torture: I can see Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,

¹ The influence of Shelley upon the mind of Byron is perceptible in many of his utterances in Canto iii. Shelley also had taught him to appreciate what is called the Lake School, especially Wordsworth, the priest of Nature. See lxix. and lxxii. Throughout the whole flows the Byronic nature, a deep melancholy (see lxv.). For Shelley's influence see 'Island,' xvi.; also 'D. J.' xv. 88, and xiv. 1, 2, 3, 4. For his feelings to Wordsworth, see Introduction.

Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee, And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

# LXXIII

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life;
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being
cling.

# LXXIV

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free From what it hates in this degraded form, Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be Existent happier in the fly and worm,— When elements to elements conform, And dust is as it should be, shall I not Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm? The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot? Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

### LXXV

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm¹
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not
glow?

### LXXVI

But this is not my theme; and I return To that which is immediate, and require

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Phlegm.] The hard common sense of unpoetic natures. Greek φλίγμα, equivalent to Latin pituita.

Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, 1 whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

# LXXVII

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

# LXXVIII

His love was passion's essence:—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

# LXXIX

This breathed itself to life in Julie,<sup>2</sup> this Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;

<sup>1</sup> One.] Jean Jacques Rousseau, born 1712 at Geneva, died 1778. Between him and the poet were many points of resemblance; both 'self-torturing,' both skilful in casting 'o'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue' (see 'Confessions' of Rousseau, and the 'Don Juan' of Byron); both, too, are revolutionary in their political and religious ideas. Rousseau's works saturated the leaders of the French Revolution, and can be traced in the American Declaration of Independence, 1776, and in the 'Rights of Man.'

2 Julie.] The Comtesse d'Houdetot. See his 'Confessions.'

This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest.

# LXXX

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

### LXXXI

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown
fears?

### LXXXII

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.

<sup>1</sup> Suspicion's sanctuary.] See his conduct to Hume and St. Lambert.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Those oracles which set the world in flame.] 'Le Contrat Social' embodied the seeds of the Revolution. The influence of the work is to be traced in the American Declaration of Independence, 1776, Tom Paine's 'Rights of Man,' and the manifestoes that emanated from the heads of the Revolution.

But good with ill they also overthrew, Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild Upon the same foundation, and renew Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refilled, As heretofore, because ambition was self-willed.<sup>1</sup>

# LXXXIII

But this will not endure, nor be endured!

Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.

They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities.—But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourished with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

# **LXXXIV**

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquished, bear
Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come, 2—the power
To punish or forgive—in one we shall be slower. 3

### T.YYYV

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake, With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

- 1 The views of Byron with regard to the character of the French Revolution are really practical and claim our sympathy. The tears of centuries required vindication, though the modus operandi was a 'vomiting of crime,' as Byron calls it. Natural was it that men should grow weary to behold
  - 'The selfish and the strong still tyrannise Without reproach or check.'
  - 2 It came, it cometh, and will come.] 'It' refers to power.
- 3 In one we shall be slower.] Either forgiveness or punishment in the hour of power will be deficient in those who avenge these wrongs.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved <sup>1</sup>
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

# LXXXVI

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura,<sup>2</sup> whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

# LXXXVII

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

# LXXXVIII

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
a star.

<sup>2</sup> Jura.] On the west of the Lake of Geneva, the Jura Alps.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Once I loved.] We may notice an inconsistency as compared with Canto iv., if we are to expect consistency at all where every passing phase of feeling finds its expression. 'D. J.' xiv. 7, 'I write what's uppermost without delay.'

## LXXXIX

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep, But breathless, as we grow when feeling most; And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—All heaven and earth are still: From the high host Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast, All is concentered in a life intense, Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost, But hath a part of being, and a sense Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

i, I '

### XC

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude where we are least alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

### X(II

Not vainly did the early Persian s make His altar the high places, and the peak Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak, Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare

1 Of all Creator and defence.] Horace, Ode I. Defence, abstract for concrete, as præsidium for præses. No doubt Shelley sees more of Divinity in Nature than Byron does. He writes—

'He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume,
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things can be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of Immortality.'—' Prom. Unbound.'

<sup>2</sup> Cytherea's zone.] The girdle of Venus; the principle of beauty, which connects and underlies all nature.—'Cosmos.'

<sup>3</sup> The early Persian.] Zoroaster and his followers, the Guêbres or modern Parsees, the worshippers of fire, who have never circumscribed the Deity by space or built a temple to His honour.

Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek, With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air, Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

# XCII

¹ The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

# XCIII

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

## XCIV

Now, where the swift Rhone <sup>2</sup> cleaves his way between Heights which appear as lovers who have parted In hate, whose <sup>3</sup> mining depths so intervene, That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted! Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted, Love was the very root of the fond rage Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:— Itself expired, but leaving them an age

Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage:—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Description of a thunderstorm almost unparalleled in energy and power.

<sup>2</sup> Swift Rhone.] Conf. 'arrowy Rhone;' the name is derived from the Celtic Rescain, meaning rapid river.

<sup>3</sup> Whose.] Refers to hate's 'mining depths,'

### XOV

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M

pi

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

### TOVE

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye! With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul To make these felt and feeling, well may be Things that have made me watchful; the far roll Of your departing voices, is the knoll Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.

But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?

Are ye like those within the human breast?

Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

## XCVII

<sup>1</sup> Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

## XCVIII

The morn is up again, the dewy morn, With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom, Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn, And glowing into day: we may resume The march of our existence: and thus I,

1 One of the most powerful outbursts in the whole poem, and most characteristic of Byron's force of expression, especially the verbal climax, line 4.

Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room And food for meditation, nor pass by Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

XCIX

Clarens! 1 sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love! 2
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then
mocks.

C

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI

All things are here of him; from the black pines, Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines Which slope his green path downward to the shore, Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore, Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood, The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar, But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood, Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CH

A populous solitude of bees and birds, And fairy-formed and many-coloured things,

<sup>1</sup> Clarens.] On the Lake of Geneva, where Rousseau wrote his work on Woman's Education, 'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' a romance in the form of letters. Man's Education is given in his 'Emile.'
2 Deep love.] See lxxix. above.

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Who worship him with notes more sweet than words, And innocently open their glad wings, Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs, And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend, Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

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He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore, And make his heart a spirit; he who knows That tender mystery, will love the more; For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes, And the world's waste, have driven him far from those, For 'tis his nature to advance or die; He stands not still, but or decays, or grows Into a boundless blessing, which may vie With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's 'zone unbound
And hallowed it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a
throne.

CV

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;

1 The beautiful myth of Cupid and Psyche. The kiss of Cupid (Love) awakes Psyche (the Soul). Affection is the motive power of man.

<sup>2</sup> Lausanne.] On the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva, where Gibbon, as he tells us, completed his 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' The character of this work is described in cvii. The unfairness of his attitude to Christianity is now universally recognised. Gibbon died 1794.

<sup>5</sup> Ferney.] North of Geneva, associated with Voltaire, who lived there. Born 1694, died 1798. A brief summary of his character is given in cvi.; 'fickle' and 'mutable,' 'historian, bard, philosopher.'

Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads, A path to perpetuity of fame: They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame

Of Heaven again assailed, if Heaven the while On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

## CVI

The one was fire and fickleness, a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various;—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus ¹ of their talents: But his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

## CVII

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.<sup>2</sup>

Historian, in his histories, e.g. 'Charles XII.;' Bard, in his dramas, and his 'Henrisde;' Philosopher, in his 'Philosophy of History,' &c. His influence on the French Revolution, in sapping the reality of political and religious conviction, is noted in the last lines, 'laying all things prone,' &c.

all things prone, &c.

1 Proteus.] The Old Man of the Sea, whose principal power seems to have been the assuming of every possible shape.

<sup>2</sup> See Pope's 'Universal Prayer'—

'Let not this weak unknowing hand Presume thy bolts to throw, And deal damnation round the land On each I judge thy foe.'

# CVIII

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all, or hope and dread allayed
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
"Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

### CI Y

But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels 1 the powers of air.

### CX

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

### CXI

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme Renewed with no kind auspices: to feel We are not what we have been, and to deem We are not what we should be, and to steel The heart against itself; and to conceal, With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—

<sup>1</sup> Compels.] In Virgil, 'in nubem cogitur aër.'

Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or seal,-Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought, Is a stern tack of soul :-No matter, -it is taught.

And for these words, thus woven into song, It may be that they are a harmless wile,-The colouring of the scenes which fleet along, Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile My breast, or that of others, for a while. Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not So young as to regard men's frown or smile, As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;

I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot.

# CXIII

I have not loved the world, nor the world me; I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed To its idolatries a patient knee, Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud In worship of an echo; in the crowd They could not deem me one of such; I stood Among them, but not of them; in a shroud Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could.

Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,— But let us part fair foes; I do believe, Though I have found them not, that there may be Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive, And virtues which are merciful, nor weave Snares for the failing, I would also deem O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve: That two, or one, are almost what they seem, That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

1 Filed my mind. See 'Macbeth,' act iii. 1-'If it be so. For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind.' See also 'Henry VIII.' act i. 2-'And front, but in that files' Hence the meaning to range, or keep in order.

### CXV

My daughter! with thy name this song begun;
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end;
I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold,
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

# CXVI

To aid thy mind's development, to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature: as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

# CXVII

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught, I know that thou wilt love me; though my name Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught With desolation, and a broken claim:

Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the same, I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain My blood from out thy being were an aim, And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—

Still theu would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

# CXVIII

The child of love, though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements, and thine no less.
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!

# FOURTH UANTO.

A.D. 1818.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs: 1 A palace and a prison on each hand: I saw from out the wave her structures rise As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand: A thousand years their cloudy wings expand Around me, and a dying Glory smiles O'er the far times, when many a subject land Looked to the winged Lion's a marble piles, Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.<sup>3</sup>

She looks a sea Cybele,4 fresh from ocean, Rising with her tiara of proud towers At airy distance, with majestic motion, A ruler of the waters and their powers: And such she was ; 5—her daughters had their dowers From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers. In purple was she robed, and of her feast Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

1 I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of sighs. ] Conf.— 'The covered bridge, the bridge of sighs.'-Rogers.

Called the Bridge of Sighs because it led to the cells of the con-

camed the Bridge of Signs because it led to the cells of the condemned. See 'Two Foscari,'—'The Bridge which few repass.'

2 The winged Lion.] The Lion of St. Mark, the emblem of the Evangelist—supposed to have been brought over from Alexandria to Venice. 'St. Mark and Liberty,'—'Marino Faliero.'

5 Her hundred isles.] Venice is formed really of a group of 70 isles, connected by 450 bridges. See 'Marino Faliero.'

4 'A sea Cybele.'] We must take the simile to be that Venice looks like a goddesa growned 'imagor truste'.

looks like a goddess crowned, 'imago turrita.'

5 Such she was.] Before the discovery of America the ports of the Mediterranean, specially Venice, were from their position the entrepôts of the world's trade.

In Venice Tasso's 1 echoes are no more, And silent rows the songless gondolier; Her palaces are crumbling to the shore, And music meets not always now the ear : Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here. States fall, arts fade—but nature doth not die, Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear, The pleasant place of all festivity, The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond Her name in story, and her long array Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond Above the dogeless city's vanished sway: Ours is a trophy which will not decay With the Rialto; 2 Shylock 3 and the Moor.4 And Pierre, 5 can not be swept or worn away— The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay:6 Essentially immortal, they create And multiply in us a brighter ray And more beloved existence: that which Fate Prohibits to dull life, in this our state Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied, First exiles, then replaces what we hate; Watering the heart whose early flowers have died. And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

<sup>1</sup> Of Tasso.] See below, and Byron's 'Tasso's Lament,' in connection with Leonora and his imprisonment.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The Rialto.] The island in which the Exchange of Venice See 'Merchant of Venice,' 'On the Rialto.' See 'Beppo.'

Shylock.] The Jew in Shakspeare's 'Merchant of Venice.'
 The Mcor.] The Othello of Shakspeare.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> And Pierre. A character in the 'Venice Preserved' of

Otway.

The beings of the mind are not of clay.] Conf. iii. st. vi.

# VI

<sup>1</sup> Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye:
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

# VTT

I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them go,—
They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so:
I could replace them if I would; still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
Let these too go—for waking reason deems
Such over-weening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

### VIII

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes Have made me not a stranger; to the mind Which is itself, no changes bring surprise; Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find A country with—ay, or without mankind; Yet was I born where men are proud to be,—Not without cause; and should I leave behind The inviolate island of the sage and free, And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

### IX

Perhaps I loved it well; and should I lay My ashes in a soil which is not mine, My spirit shall resume it—if we may. Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine My hopes of being remembered in my line With my land's language: if too fond and far

1 'D. J.'—'In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.'
The inviolate island. England.

These aspirations in their scope incline,-If my fame should be, 1 as my fortunes are, Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple where the dead Are honoured by the nations 2—let it be-And light the laurels on a loftier head! And be the Spartan's epitaph on me— 'Sparta hath many a worthier son 's than he.' Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need; The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed: I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

The spouseless Adriatic 4 mourns her lord; And, annual marriage 4 now no more renewed, The Bucentaur 4 lies rotting unrestored, Neglected garment of her widowhood! St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood Stand, but in mockery of his withered power, Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,5 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

1 If my fame should be, &c.] The impression of the two Cantos of the 'Childe Harold' on the public mind was instantaneous, and Byron woke one day, as he says, to find himself famous.

<sup>2</sup> Though actually buried at Hucknall, in Nottinghamshire, he entertained the idea, even at this time, that his body would be admitted into the Christian Pantheon of England's great men-Westminster Abbey. As in an allusion he makes below, he is conspicuous for his absence.

5 A worthier son.] The language of the mother of Brasidas.

when she heard of her son's death at Amphipopolis, B.C. 422.

4 The spouseless Adriatic, the annual marriage, the Bucentaur. The Republic of Venice, in the twelfth century, having espoused the party of Pope Alexander III. against Frederick Barbarossa, the Pope gave the city a ring, with which to wed the Adriatic. The ring was thrown into the sea by the Doge from the 'Bucentaur,' the Doge's barge. The ceremony became annual. See 'Two Foscari.'
An emperor sued.] Frederick Barbarossa. See Rogers' 'Italy'—

' Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off, And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot Of the proud pontiff' (Alexander III.).

See 'Two Foscari.'

The Suabian 1 sued, and now the Austrian 2 reigns— An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt : . Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt The sunshine for a while, and downward go Like lauwine 3 loosened from the mountain's belt; Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo! 4 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's 4 conquering foe.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,<sup>5</sup> Their gilded collars glittering in the sun; But is not Doria's 6 menace come to pass? Are they not bridled?—Venice, lost and won, Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done, Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose! Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun, Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes, From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre; $^7$ Her very by-word sprung from victory, The 'Planter of the Lion,' 8 which through fire And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;

<sup>1</sup> The Suabian.] Though elected Emperor of Austria, Frederick Barbarossa was Duke of Suabia.

<sup>2</sup> The Austrian.] Venice was given up to Austria in 1814, and she was at this time still trampled on. She was, however, freed from the Austrian yoke by Napoleon III.

<sup>5</sup> Lauvine.] German lawine, 'avalanche.'

<sup>4</sup> Dandolo.] From A.D. 1110 to 1205. The Eastern Emperor Manuel Commenus put out his eyes in 1173. Taking part in the fourth Crusade in 1202, he diverted his forces and took Constantinople, i.e. Byzantium.

<sup>6</sup> His steeds of brass.] These horses were removed by Napoleon I.,

but subsequently restored.

6 Doria. Peter Doria, the Genoese, who made himself master or Chiozza, and proudly rejected the terms of the Venetians, A.D. 1380.

A new Tyre. The Phoenician town on the coast of Palestine. 8 The lion on the flag of St. Mark-Pianta-leone, the planter of

Though making many slaves, herself still free, And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite; i Witness Troy's rival, Candia! 2 Vouch it, ye Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's 8 fight! For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file Of her dead Doges are declined to dust; But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust; Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust, Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls, Thin streets,4 and foreign aspects, such as must Too oft remind her who and what enthrals, Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,<sup>5</sup> And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war, Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse. Her voice their only ransom from afar: See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car Of the o'ermastered victor stops, the reins Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains, And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine, Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,

the lion; hence 'pantaloon,' in the sense of a character on the stage. The French pantalon (a garment) is a modern word.

1 Ottomite.] Follower of Othman, or Osman, i.e. the Ottoman, a Turk.

<sup>2</sup> Candia.] The island of Crete, with its Mount Ida. See Virg. Æn. iii. 180, 'Agnovit prolem ambiguam.'

3 Lepanto.] Alluding to the fleet of Venice which fought the

4 Thin streets. In the sense of empty, as opposed to frequens or creber. Note modern use: a thin house (an empty theatre).

<sup>5</sup> Syracuse.] After the disastrous termination of the Athenian expedition to Syracuse, A.D. 418, the Athenian captives were said to have gained their freedom by reciting some of the poems of Euripides, the Attic muse.

Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations, most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

# XVIII

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part;
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

#### XIX

I can repeople with the past—and of <sup>6</sup>
The present there is still for eye and thought,
And meditation chastened down, enough;
And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
And of the happiest moments which were wrought
Within the web of my existence, some
From thee, fair Venice! have their colours caught:
There are some feelings time can not benumb,
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and dumb.

<sup>1</sup> Tusso. Torquato Tasso, 1544-1595. His great work was the 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

2 Albion.] Byron reproaches his country with the humiliation of Venice under Austria; but it was the French Republic that in 1797 betrayed the sister Republic into the hands of the Emperor of Germany.

<sup>5</sup> Otway.] From 1651 to 1685. He is often ranked as second to Shakspeare.

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Radcliffe.] 1764-1823. Wrote the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.'
<sup>5</sup> Schiller.] 1759-1805. Wrote the 'Ghost-Seer, or the Armenian.' These writers touch on Venice; but to include Mrs. Radcliffe in this quaternion is, of course, only to give the boyish

impressions of the poet.

6 And of.] This peculiarity is noted in the introduction. It is not uncommon in the later plays of Shakspeare. A 'weak ending' occurs in 'D. J.'—'Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warble those bravuras.'

# XX

But from their nature will the tannen <sup>1</sup> grow Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks, Rooted in barrenness, where nought below Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks The howling tempest, till its height and frame Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks Of bleak, gray granite into life it came, And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

# XXI

Existence may be borne, and the deep root Of life and sufferance make its firm abode In bare and desolated bosoms; mute The camel labours with the heaviest load, And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestowed In vain should such example be; if they, Things of ignoble or of savage mood, Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay May temper it 2 to bear,—it is but for a day.

# XXII

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed, Even by the sufferer; and, in each event, Ends:—Some, with hope replenished and rebuoyed, Return to whence they came—with like intent, And weave their web again; some, bowed and bent, Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,

- 1 The tannen.] The Alpine 'fir.'
- <sup>2</sup> It.] This pronoun may here be merged in the verb, fulfil the same office, as in the expressions—'lord it,' 'carry it' with a high
- <sup>5</sup> All suffering doth destroy, &c.] Of the comforts of the doctrine which Hamlet expresses—
  - 'There's a divinity which shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will'—

Byron knew nothing. Conf. Gray's different sentiments in his 'Ode to Adversity:'—

<sup>4</sup> Thy form benign, oh goddess! wear, Thy milder influence impart,

To soften, not to wound, my heart,

And perish with the reed on which they leant; Some seek devotion, toil, war, good, or crime, According as their souls were formed to sink or climb.

# XXIII

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music — summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
bound;

# XXIV

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead—anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how
few!

### XXV

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A tone of music, &c.] A noble exposition of the 'association of ideas,' similarity, contrast, and contiguity.

<sup>2</sup> The lords of earth and sea.] The 'terrarum dominos' in Horace's first Ode,

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome! And even since, and now, fair Italy! Thou art the garden of the world, the home Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree; Even in thy desert, what is like to thee? Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste More rich than other climes' fertility; Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night; Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea Of glory streams along the Alpine height Of blue Friuli's 2 mountains; Heaven is free From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,— Melted to one vast Iris of the West,3— Where the Day joins the past Eternity; While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

# XXVIII

A single star is at her side, and reigns With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill, As Day and Night contending were, until Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows The deep-dyed Brenta, -- where their hues instil The odorous purple of a new-born rose, Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows,—

5 Deep-dyed Brenta. A river of Lombardy.

<sup>1</sup> The commonwealth of kings.] Conf. the expression of Cineas, that he had seen at Rome, in the Senate, 'an assembly of kings.' <sup>2</sup> Friuli.] A province in Lombardy, on the north of the Adriatic.

The Iris of the West. Sunset.
An island of the blest. One of the 'insulæ fortunatorum,'

## XXIX

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar, Comes down upon the waters; all its hues, From the rich sunset to the rising star, Their magical variety diffuse:

And now they change; a paler shadow strews Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues With a new colour as it gasps away, The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

## XXX

There is a tomb in Arqua; 1—reared in air, Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's 2 lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree 3 which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

## XXXI

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain

- 1 A tomb in Arqua.]. Rogers' 'Italy:'-
  - 'Three leagues from Padua stands, and long has stood, A lonely tomb beside a mountain church'—

Petrarch's tomb and house, who died at Arqua 1874.

<sup>2</sup> Laura.] Her virtues and her beauty form the subject-matter of most of Petrarch's sonnets. Her death (from the plague in 1348) threw a serious air over his writings. Laura was the danghter of Audebert de Noves, Syndic of Avignon, and the wife of Hugh de Sade. Some have supposed her to be a purely ideal person, from the discrepancies in her history. Petrarch was a Tuscan, and, with his contemporary Dante, had a great influence on Italian literature.

5 The laurel tree, 'Laurus.'

And venerably simple, such as raise A feeling more accordant with his strain Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

# XXXII

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt Is one of that complexion which seems made For those who their mortality have felt, And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade, Which shows a distant prospect far away Of busy cities, now in vain displayed, For they can lure no further; and the ray Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

## XXXIII

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers, And shining in the brawling brook, where-by, Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours With a calm languor, which, though to the eye Idlesse 1 it seem, hath its morality. If from society we learn to live, 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die; It hath no flatterers; vanity can give No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive;

# XXXIV

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Idlesse.] Byron accepts his identification with the pilgrim Childe Harold, and probably, as a consequence of that identification, the archaisms vanish away.

<sup>2</sup> We can searcely take this stanza as the 'still sad music of humanity.' The experience which dictates it must be singular even in a melancholic nature.

# XXXV

Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impelled, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow 2 alone had worn before.

## XXXVI

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away; and on that name attend

# XXXVII

The tears and praises of all time; while thine Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink. Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line Is shaken into nothing—but the link Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn; Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink From thee! if in another station born, Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn:

## IIIVXXX

Thou! formed to eat, and be despised, and die, Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou

- <sup>1</sup> Ferrara.] On an arm of the Po. In the time of Tasso it counted a population of 80,000. In 1471 it was made a Duchy in the family of D'Esté. See 'Lament of Tasso.'
- <sup>2</sup> Dante.] See below.
  <sup>5</sup> Affonso.] Tasso loved Leonora, the sister of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, and hence the persecution of the poet, and the noble declamation of xxxviii. xxxviii. He was confined as a lunatic in the Hospital of St. Anne for seven years. See 'Prophecy of Dante'—

'Florence dooms me but death or banishment; Ferrara, him a pittance and a cell.'

Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:

He / with a glory round his furrowed brow,

Which emanated then, and dazzles now,

In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,¹

And Boileau,² whose rash envy could allow

No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,³

That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

## XXXIX

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aimed with her poisoned arrows,—but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpassed in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,
And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine! though all in one
Condensed their scattered rays, they would not form
a sun.4

XT.

Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those, Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine, The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: 5 first rose The Tuscan father's comedy divine;

<sup>1</sup> Cruscan quire.] The Academia della Crusca, founded 1541. Its object was to purify the Italian language, to separate the chaff (crusca) from the wheat. It published an Italian dictionary, and was resuscitated by Napoleon I. in 1811. For a kindred society, though somewhat later, compare the Hôtel de Rambouillet, in Paris, in the first half of the seventeenth century.

<sup>2</sup> Boileau.] Nicolas Boileau, 1636-1711, was an imitator of Horacc, a critic in poetry, and wrote 'L'Art Poétique,' embodying

his rules of poetical structure.

<sup>5</sup> Creaking lyre.] Cf. Virgil's 'Eclogue'-

'Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen,'

and Milton's 'Lycidas'—'scrannel pipe.' His view of French poetry is not on the whole unjust.

They would not form a sun. This praise of Tasso, probably like that of Alfieri below, can scarcely be attributed to the absolute merits of those poets. See for foolish criticism the preface to Marino Faliero.

5 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry. The former Dante, the

latter Ariosto.

Dante Alighieri was born at Florence 1265, and died 1821. His most famous work is the 'Divina Commedia,' divided into three

Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott, the minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

# XLI

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust <sup>1</sup>
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

## XLII

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

## XLIII

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less desired, Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored For thy destructive charms; then, still untired, Would not be seen the armed torrents poured

parts—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. He has been called the Homer of Christianity.

Ariosto, born in 1474, died 1533. He wrote 'the 'Orlando Furioso,' 'The Adventures of Roland.' Scott. See 'D. J.' xv. 59.

1 Ariosto's bust.] This statue stands in the Piazza Ariostea, in Ferrara. 'A poet's wreath shall be thy only crown.'—'Lament of Tasso.'

<sup>2</sup> This and the following stanza are, with the exception only of a line or two, a translation of a sonnet by Filicaja:—'İtalia, Italia, O tu cui fé la sorte!'

Down the deep Alps; 1 nor would the hostile horde Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword? Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so, Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him. The Roman friend 3 of Rome's least-mortal mind, The friend of Tully: 4 as my bark did skim The bright blue waters with a fanning wind, Came Megara 5 before me, and behind Ægina 6 lay, Piræus 7 on the right, And Corinth 8 on the left; I lay reclined Along the prow, and saw all these unite In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

# XLV

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but upreared Barbaric 9 dwellings on their shattered site, Which only make more mourned and more endeared The few last rays of their far-scattered light. And the crushed relics of their vanished might. The Roman saw these tombs in his own age, These sepulchres of cities, which excite Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

<sup>1</sup> Down the deep Alps.] The perpetual incursions of French and Austrians. See 'Prophecy of Dante.'

<sup>2</sup> The stranger's sword.] Austria. It is peculiar that the freedom of Italy from Austria was also procured by a 'stranger's sword '-that of Napoleon III.

<sup>3</sup> The Roman friend.] Servius Sulpicius, whose letter to Cicero (page 87 in the Select Letters' published by the Clarendon Press) gives the great orator consolation on the death of his daughter. He describes the ruin of Greek cities, and their perfect obliteration.

How then can a human being be anything but mortal?

<sup>4</sup> Tully.] The great orator Marcus Tullius Cicero, killed B.c. 48.

<sup>5</sup> Megara.] The connecting link between the Morea and the mainland of Greece.

6 Ægina.] An island off the coast of Athens.

 7 Pircus.
 8 Corinth.
 One of the first towns on entering the Mores. This description is more definite than any description in the poem, but is derived from Sulpicius.

<sup>9</sup> Barbaric. Turkish or Musalman.

# XLVI

That page is now before me, and on mine His country's ruin added to the mass Of perished states he mourned in their decline, And I in desolation: all that was Of then destruction is; and now, alas! Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the storm, In the same dust and blackness, and we pass The skeleton of her Titanic form, Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

# XLVII

Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

## XLVIII

But Arno<sup>2</sup> wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce<sup>3</sup> born,
And buried Learning<sup>4</sup> rose, redeemed to a new morn.

<sup>2</sup> Arno.] The river of Florence, the 'Etrurian Athens,' the home of commerce and learning.

<sup>3</sup> Commerce.] Alludes to the Medici, the great merchant princes, whose arms are the three pills or balls of the pawnbrokers.

<sup>4</sup> Buried Learning.] Dante and Boccaccio, Guicciardini the historian, and Machiavelli, were Florentines. The purest Italian, Lingua Toscana, was spoken in Florence.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Bows her to the storm.] Byron has this advantage over Sulpicius, he says, that he sees the instability of human things confirmed by the ruin of the Eternal City.

## XLIX

<sup>1</sup> There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

L

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dardan Shepherd's
prize.

LÎ

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquished Lord of War,²
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an
urn!

LII

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love, Their full divinity inadequate

<sup>1</sup> A description of the statue Venus de' Medici in Florence: a statue of ideal beauty discovered in the villa of Adrian at Tivoli, and is supposed by some scarcely to merit the praise here bestowed upon it. Venus was the spouse of Anchises, and received the prize of beauty from the Dardan Shepherd, Paris.

2 The Lord of War.] Mars, the god of 'stupid,' brute force.

That feeling to express, or to improve, The gods become as mortals, and man's fate Has moments like their brightest; but the weight Of earth recoils upon us; let it go! We can recall such visions, and create, From what has been, or might be, things which grow Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands, The artist and his ape,1 to teach and tell How well his connoisseurship understands The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell: Let these describe the undescribable: I would not their vile breath should crisp the stream Wherein that image shall for ever dwell: The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

# LIV

In Santa Croce's 2 holy precincts lie Ashes which make it holier, dust which is Even in itself an immortality, Though there were nothing save the past, and this, The particle of those sublimities Which have relapsed to chaos: here repose Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his, The starry Galileo, with his woes; Here Machiavelli's 6 earth returned to whence it rose.

<sup>1</sup> Ape.] This language is scarcely too severe on some art connoisseurs. 'The worst despots far less human ape.'

<sup>2</sup> Santa Croce.] The Church of the Holy Cross in Florence, founded 1294, 'that magnificent Temple of Fame which still exists, enshrining the greatest names of Italy.'—See 'The Makers of Florence' (Oliphant).

<sup>5</sup> Angelo.] The sculptor, the painter, the architect, 1474-1564, Michael Angelo Buonarroti. His name is connected with St. Peter's

and the statue of Moses. See 'Prophecy of Dante.

<sup>4</sup> Alfieri.] Almost a compeer of Byron's, died in 1803. He is known for his tragedies.
<sup>5</sup> Galileo.] The friend of Milton; the astronomer and the victim

of Papal persecution, 1564-1642. 'Tuscan Artist,' Par. Lost,' bk. i.

Machiavelli. One of the earliest sons of the Renaissance, died in 1530. His great work was 'Il Principe,' which suggested the 'Leviathan' of our own Hobbes.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,1 Might furnish forth creation:—Italy! Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand rents Of thine imperial garment, shall deny, And hath denied, to every other sky, Spirits which soar from ruin: thy decay Is still impregnate with divinity, Which gilds it with revivifying ray: Such as the great of yore, Canova 2 is to-day.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—3 Dante and Petrarch, and scarce less than they, The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he Of the Hundred Tales of love 5—where did they lay Their bones, distinguished from our common clay In death as life? Are they resolved to dust, And have their country's marbles nought to say? Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust? Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?

## LVII

Ungrateful Florence! Dante 6 sleeps afar. Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore: Thy factions, in their worse than civil war, Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore Their children's children would in vain adore With the remorse of ages: and the crown Which Petrarch's 8 laureate brow supremely wore, Upon a far and foreign soil had grown, His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not thine own.

<sup>1</sup> The elements. Fire, air, earth, and water.

<sup>2</sup> Canova.] Antonio Canova, the celebrated Venetian sculptor, who died in 1822. 'Canova can create below'—'Beppo.'

5 The all Etruscan three.] i.e. the French idiom, tous les trois.

4 The Bard of Prose.] Boccaccio. See below (lviii.).

5 The Hundred Tales.] The Decamerone.

6 Dante.] As one of the Bianchi was expelled from Florence

by the Neri, and was buried at Ravenna .- 'Prophecy of Dante.' <sup>7</sup> Scipio.] The great Africanus. He is buried, not in the tomb of the Scipios, but at Liternum, in Campania.

Petrarch received the laurel crown from the Roman Senate. in the Capitol of Rome, 1841, for his poem called 'Africa.'

## LVIII

Boccaccio<sup>1</sup> to his parent earth bequeathed His dust,—and lies it not her great among, With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed O'er him who formed the Tuscan's siren tongue? That music in itself, whose sounds are song, The poetry of speech? No ;—even his tomb, Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong, No more amidst the meaner dead find room. Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for whom!

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust; Yet for this want more noted, as of yore The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust, Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more: Happier Ravenna! 4 on thy hoary shore, Fortress of falling empire! honoured sleeps. The immortal exile :—Arqua, too, her store Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps, While Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps.

What is her pyramid of precious stones? Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones Of merchant-dukes? 5 the momentary dews Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead, Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse, Are gently prest with far more reverent tread Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely head.

<sup>1</sup> Boccaccio.] The father of Italian prose: the author of the ' Decamerone' (the 100 Tales), from whom Chaucer derived many of his stories. Born in 1313, died 1375. He was buried at Ravenna.

<sup>2</sup> Tuscan's siren tongue.] 'Lingua Toscana.' <sup>3</sup> Cæsar's pageant.] 'The funeral of Junia, the sister of Cæsar's murderer, the wife also of Cassius. See Tacitus' 'Annala,' iii. 76: 'Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur.' And this omission like that of the bust of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius.—See 'D. J.' xv. 49.

Ravenna. On the Adriatic; the residence of the Emperors of

the West, when the empire was falling.

Merchant-dukes.] The tombs of the Medici adorned by Angelo.

# LXI

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine, Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies; There be more marvels yet—but not for mine; For I have been accustomed to entwine My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields, Than Art in galleries: though a work divine Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields

Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

## LXII

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swollen to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legends scattered
o'er.

## LXIII

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reeled unheededly away!
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet,
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!

# LXIV

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark Which bore them to Eternity; they saw

<sup>1</sup> Arno's dome of art.] The Pitti, the Palace-Museum of Florence.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Thrasimene.] Now the Lago di Perugia in Etruria, where Hannibal defeated the Romans under Flaminius, B.C. 217. This is one of the battles in which an earthquake is reported to have occurred with the results described below.

The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; Nature's law
In them suspended, recked not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no
words.

## LXV

Far other scene is Thrasimene now:
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;
And Sanguinetto¹ tells ye where the dead
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red.

# LXVI

But thou, Clitumnus! 2 in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

## T.XXII

And on thy happy shore a Temple still, of small and delicate proportion, keeps, Upon a mild declivity of hill, Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps

Sanguinetto.] The river of blood, from Latin sanguis.
 Clitumnus.] A river of Umbria, famed for the white fleeces of the flocks that fed on its banks.

<sup>3</sup> Daughters.] Notice the unusual prolongation of the Alexandrine line.

4 Temple.] Of the river god Clitumnus, the genius of the place.

Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling
tales.

## LXVIII

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism—'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons' for this suspension of disgust.

## LXIX

The roar of waters! 2—from the headlong height Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice; The fall of waters! rapid as the light The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss; The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss, And boil in endless torture: while the sweat Of their great agony, wrung out from this Their Phlegethon, 3 curls round the rocks of jet That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

## LXX

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again Returns in an unceasing shower, which round, With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain, Is an eternal April to the ground, Making it all one emerald:—how profound The gulf! and how the giant element From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound, Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

Orisons.] Morning prayer. Compare for French suffix malison, benison, and Sir Walter Scott's warison.
 Roar of waters.] The falls of Terni on the Velino.

<sup>5</sup> Phlegethon.] The river of fire, a river of Hell; from Greek root φλέγτω.

# LXXI

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

# LXXII

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris¹ sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

## LXXIII

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
The thundering lauwine—might be worshipped more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau <sup>2</sup> rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc <sup>3</sup> both far and near,
And in Chimari <sup>4</sup> heard the thunder-hills of fear,

# LXXIV

Th' Acroceraunian 5 mountains of old name; And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Iris.] The rainbow; the refraction by the falling waters.

<sup>2</sup> Jungfrau.] Between Berne and Valais, 13,600 ft. (See 'Manfred' of Byron.)

Mont Blanc. In Savoy, height 15,744 ft.
 Chimari. See above.

<sup>\*</sup> Acroceraunian.] North of Epirus: 'the heights of thunder.'

Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame. For still they soared unutterably high: I've looked on Ida 1 with a Trojan's eye; Athos,2 Olympus,3 Ætna,4 Atlas,5 made These hills seem things of lesser dignity, All, save the lone Soracte's 6 height, displayed Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

For our remembrance, and from out the plain Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break, And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain May he, who will, his recollections rake, And quote in classic raptures, and awake The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorred Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake, The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

# LXXVI

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught My mind to meditate what then it learned, Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought By the impatience of my early thought, That, with the freshness wearing out before My mind could relish what it might have sought If free to choose, I cannot now restore Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

# LXXVII

Then farewell, Horace; 8 whom I hated so, Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse

- 1 Ida.] In the Troad.
- 2 Athos.] See above.

  3 Olympus.] North of Thessaly, 'the abode of the gods.'

  4 Æthos.] In Sicily.

  5 Atlos.] South of Morocco, but by some supposed to be Teneriffe. 6 Soracte.] In Etruria, 24 miles from Rome. Alluded to by Horace, 'the lyric Roman,' as covered with snow (i. 9): 'Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, Soracte.'
- 7 Drilled dull lesson.] His experiences at Harrow.
  8 Horace.] 'Moralist,' in his 'Epistles;' as 'Bard,' 'prescribes his art' in the 'Ars Poetica;' 'Satirist' alludes to his 'Satires.' 'The great little poet Horace '- 'D. J.' xiv. 77.

To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse;
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part.

# LXXVIII

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery,
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

# LXXIX

The Niobe <sup>2</sup> of nations! there she stands Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe; An empty urn within her withered hands, Whose holy dust was scattered long ago; The Scipios' tomb <sup>3</sup> contains no ashes now; The very sepulchres lie tenantless Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow, Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness? Rise, with thy yellow waves, <sup>4</sup> and mantle her distress.

# LXXX

The Goth, the Christian,<sup>5</sup> Time, War, Flood, and Fire, Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;

Conf. Shelley—

'Go thou to Rome, at once the paradise, The grave, the city, and the wilderness.' Shelley's 'Adonais.'

Niobe.] Who wept with perpetual tears the slaughter of her children. The wife of Amphion, king of Thebes.
 Scipios' tomb.] Outside the Porta Capena, close to the Appian

Way.

\* Yellow waves.] Yellow Tiber, the common epithet of the Latin poets, from the amount of alluvial soil washed down with its flood.

\* The Goth, the Christian.] Rome was sacked by Alaric A.D.

She saw her glories star by star expire, And up the steep 1 barbarian monarchs ride, Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide Temple and tower went down, nor left a site: Chaos of ruins? who shall trace the void, O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light, And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her. Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap 2 All round us; we but feel our way to err; The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map, And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap; But Rome is as the desert, where we steer Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap Our hands, and cry 'Eureka!'s it is clear-When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

## LXXXII

Alas! the lofty city! and alas! The trebly hundred 4 triumphs! and the day When Brutus 5 made the dagger's edge surpass The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away! Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's 6 lay, . And Livy's pictured page! 7 but these shall be

409; by Genseric, A.D. 455; by Ricimer, A.D. 472; by Theodoric,

A.D. 493; and again by Totila, A.D. 546.

The Christian has taken Rome also frequently; especially the French, under Massena in 1799, and since Byron's time, in 1849.

See 'Prophecy of Dante,'—'The spoil of France.'

1 Up the steep.] The 'Sacred Way' joined the Clivus Capitolinus. The steep road which led to the Capitol, on which the tri-

umphs passed.

<sup>2</sup> Hath wrapt and wrap.] Hath, the ungrammatical use of a singular verb with a double nominative. For plural verb with sin-

- gular noun see 'Island,' i. 2: 'The sound of mats are heard.'

  \*\*Eureka.\*\*] 'I have found,' related to have been the expression of Archimedes on the settlement of his problem, before he was killed by the Roman soldiers at Syracuse.
- Trebly hundred.] The number is given as 320 by Orosius. <sup>5</sup> Brutus.] Who assassinated Casar, B.C. 44. See 'Marino Faliero.

6 Virgil. The great Roman epic poet, died B.C. 19.

7 Livy's pictured page. The epithet well describes the style and historical inaccuracy of Livy, died A.D. 19.

Her resurrection; all beside—decay.

Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see

That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

# LXXXIII

Oh thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel, Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown Annihilated senates—Roman, too, With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

## LXXXIV

The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
She who was named Eternal, and arrayed
Her warriors but to conquer—she who veiled
Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed,
Until the o'er-canopied horizon failed,
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hailed.

# LXXXV

Sylla was first of victors; but our own,
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell! '—he
Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free,
And famous through all ages! but beneath

<sup>1</sup> Sylla.] B.C. 136-78. After his war with Mithridates he turned his arms against the Marian faction. He laid down the perpetual Dictatorship (cf. Diocletian and the Emperor Charles V.), but the presence of the Sullani, the soldiers of his faction, prevented the step from being dangerous.

<sup>2</sup> Cromwell.] September 3rd was Cromwell's day. He crushed the Royalists of Scotland on that day in 1650; in 1651 gained the battle of Worcester; in 1658 he died on that day. (See

lxxxvi. 1-4.)

His fate the moral lurks of destiny; His day of double victory and death Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.

# LXXXVI

The third of the same moon whose former course Had all but crowned him, on the selfsame day Deposed him gently from his throne of force, And laid him with the earth's preceding clay. And showed not Fortune thus how fame and sway, And all we deem delightful, and consume Our souls to compass through each arduous way, Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?

Were they but so in man's, how different were his doom!

# LXXXVII

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassin's din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

# LXXXVIII

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder sucked from thy wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?

Herodotus especially.

\* She-wolf. Alluding to the bronze figure of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, which was blasted with lightning.

<sup>1</sup> Thou who beheldest.] The statue of Pompey, Cassar's rival, at the base of which Casar was assassinated.
2 Great Nemesis.] The principle of retribution, for which see

# LXXXIX

Thou dost; but all thy foster-babes are dead—
The men of iron; and the world hath reared
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they feared,
And fought and conquered, and the same course steered,
At apish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have neared,
Save one vain man,¹ who is not in the grave,
But, vanquished by himself, to his own slaves a slave—

## ХC

The fool of false dominion—and a kind Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old With steps unequal; for the Roman's mind Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould, With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold, And an immortal instinct which redeemed The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold, Alcides with the distaff now he seemed At Cleopatra's feet, 2—and now himself he beamed,

# XCI

And came—and saw—and conquered ! But the man Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee, Like a trained falcon, in the Gallic van, Which he, in sooth, long led to victory, With a deaf heart which never seemed to be A listener to itself, was strangely framed; With but one weakest weakness—vanity, Coquettish in ambition, still he aimed—At what? can he avouch or answer what he claimed?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Save one vain man.] Napoleon. The Napoleonic idea was the restoration of Cæsarism. Napoleon the 'New Sesostris,'—'Age of Bronze.' 'A bastard Attila,' see 'Marino Faliero.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cleopatra's feet.] For a brief time Julius Cæsar was overcome by Cleopatra, just as the club of Alcides (Hercules) gave way to the distaff of Omphale.

S And came—and saw—and conquered.] In these three words— 'Veni—vidi—vici'—Cassar describes his success over Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates.

# XCII

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him; few years
Had fixed him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread: For this the conqueror rears
The arch of triumph; and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,
An universal deluge, which appears
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow! Renew thy rainbow, God!

#### XCIII

¹ What from this barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have too
much light.

## XCIV

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

# XCV

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between Man and his Maker—but of things allowed, Averred, and known, and daily, hourly seen— The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,

An eloquent summary of the causes of human error. These causes of error are well summarised by Bacon in 'Adv. of Learning.'

And the intent of tyranny avowed,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

# XCVI

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia 2 saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

east, or Europe no such

# XCVII

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime, And fatal have her Saturnalia been To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime; Because the deadly days which we have seen, And vile Ambition, that built up between Man and his hopes an adamantine wall, And the base pageant last upon the scene, Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

## XCVIII

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying, Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind; Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying, The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;

1 The edict of Earth's rulers.] Refers to the Holy Alliance in 1815—a reaction towards the establishment of legitimate despotism. See 'Age of Bronze.' 'D. J.' xiv. 83: 'Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal.'

<sup>2</sup> Columbia.] The independence of Columbia was achieved by Bolivar, 1819.

3 Washington was born in America 1732, died 1799.

\* Crime.] And no greater crime than the deffication of Marat by Danton—'the divine Marat.'

<sup>5</sup> Saturnalia.] The Roman holiday for slaves. A time of great licence,

Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind, Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth. But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North; 1 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

# XCIX

There is a stern round tower of other days. Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone, Such as an army's baffled strength delays, Standing with half its battlements alone, And with two thousand years of ivy grown, The garland of eternity, where wave The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown :-What was this tower of strength? within its cave What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—A woman's grave.

But who was she, the lady of the dead, Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair? Worthy a king's or more—a Roman's bed? What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear? What daughter of her beauties was the heir? How lived, how loved, how died she? Was she not So honoured—and conspicuously there, Where meaner relics must not dare to rot. Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

Was she as those who love their lords, or they Who love the lords of others? such have been Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say. Was she a matron of Cornelia's 3 mien, Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen, Profuse of joy-or 'gainst it did she war, Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections

<sup>1</sup> The North.] A bitter glance at England.
<sup>2</sup> The tomb of Cecilia Metella, d. of Metellus Creticus, and wife of the triumvir Crassus. Her sarcophagus is in the Farnese Palace at Rome.

3 Cornelia.] The great mother of the Gracchi—about 169 B.C. and sister of Scipio Africanus the Elder,

CIT

Perchance she died in youth: 1 it may be, bowed With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed A sunset charm around her, and illume With hectic light, the Hesperus 2 of the dead, Of her consuming cheek 3 the autumnal leaf-like red.

## CIII

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome—But whither would Conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride!

## CIV

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou Tomb! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves behind;

## CV

And from the planks, far shattered o'er the rocks, Built me a little bark of hope, once more

<sup>1</sup> Perchance she died in youth.] 'Whom the gods love die young'—a Greek gnome or aphorism.

2 Hesperus.] The evening star, premonitory of the night.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Hectic and consuming cheek imply consumption as the disease spoken of.

To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies foundered that was ever dear:
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.

# CVI

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and bright,
And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number mine.

## CAL

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
On what were chambers, arch crushed, column strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steeped
In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or halls?
Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reaped
From her research hath been, that these are walls—
Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

# CVIII

There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
First Freedom and then Glory's—when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> From his sensitiveness to English praise, no man could less say, omnia mea mecum porto.'

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Palatine.] The earliest site of Rome; 'the Imperial Mount' (cvii. 9).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Freedom and then Glory.] The well-marked stages through which Rome passed.

And History, with all her volumes vast, Hath but one page—'tis better written here, Where gorgeous Tyranny 1 hath thus amassed All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear, Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words draw near,

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,—for here There is such matter for all feeling:—Man! Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,2 Ages and realms are crowded in this span, This mountain, whose obliterated plan The pyramid of empires pinnacled, Of Glory's gewgaws's shining in the van Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled! Where are its golden roofs? where those who dared to build?

Tully was not so eloquent as thou, Thou nameless column with the buried base! What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow? Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place. Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face, Titus or Trajan's ? \* No—'tis that of Time; Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome, And looking to the stars: they had contained

1 Gorgeous Tyranny.] Refers to Imperial Rome.

<sup>2</sup> Pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

'Helpless, immortal; insect, infinite; A worm, a God.'-Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

 Gewgaws.] Glossary.
 Titus or Trajan.] The column of Trajan, raised by the senate in honour of Trajan during his expedition to Dacia. In 1588 Sixtus V. placed upon this column the statue of St. Peterapostolic statues climb (line 8); while on the column of Marcus Aurelius was placed, 1589, the statue of St. Paul.

The arch of Titus commemorates the taking of Jerusalem,

A.D. 79.

A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reigned,
The Roman globe, for after none sustained,
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstained
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.

## CTI

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below the steep
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

## CXIII

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed;
But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,
And Anarchy assumed 4 her attributes;
Till every lawless soldier 5 who assailed
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

## CYIV

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name, From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,

1 Rock of Triumph. ] The Capitol.

<sup>2</sup> Tarpeian.] The Tarpeian rock, down which the criminals were thrown.

You field below.] The Forum, where the people assembled. The Rostrum stood in the Forum (whence the Roman orators delivered their orations), and also the tribunal of the Prætor.

<sup>4</sup> Anarchy.] The despotism of the Emperor, which clothed itself in constitutional titles, especially that of Princeps Senatus.

<sup>5</sup> Lawless soldier.] The purple was often sold by the Prætorian cohort—in return for a donative to each man.

Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
Of freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.

# CXV

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

## - CXVI

The messes of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble; bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep,

## CXVII

Fantastically tangled: the green hills Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass

<sup>2</sup> Numa.] Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who professed to derive his designs from Egeria—a camena, or local deity—whom he met in her grotto, which still stands at Rome.

3 Nympholepsy is the mens lymphata of Horace (infatuation, or heavenly possession).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rienzi.] The last of the Tribunes, born at Rome 1810, was the son of an inn-keeper, and one of the first orators of the day. He and Petrarch revived the old Republican sentiment, and established a Republic in Rome. His subsequent career belied his early promise, and he was killed in a popular émeute.

<sup>2</sup> Numa.] Pompilius, the second king of Rome, who professed

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

## CYVIII

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover, Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover; The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting With her most starry canopy, and seating Thyself by thine adorer, what befel? This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

## CXIX

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying, Blend a celestial with a human heart; And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing, Share with immortal transports? could thine art Make them indeed immortal, and impart The purity of heaven to earthly joys, Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—The dull satiety which all destroys—And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloys?

# CXX

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

## CXXI

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art— An unseen scraph, we believe in thee, A faith whose martyrs are 1 the broken heart,—
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquenched soul—parched, wearied,
wrung and riven.

# CXXII

<sup>2</sup> Of its own beauty is the mind diseased, And fevers into false creation:—where, Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized? In him alone. Can nature show so fair? Where are the charms and virtues which we dare Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men, The unreached Paradise of our despair, Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen, And overpowers the page <sup>3</sup> where it would bloom again?

## CXXIII

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds Which robed our idols, and we see too sure Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds The fatal spell, and still it draws us on, Reaping the whirlwind 4 from the oft-sown winds; The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun, 5 Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most undone.

## CXXIV

We wither from our youth, we gasp away— Sick—sick; unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,

1 Are.] Conf. 'The wages of sin is death.' Here grammar is sacrificed to the metre.

<sup>2</sup> Nature in her actual beauty never attains to ideal perfection. The Paradise which may be the offspring of our despair passes the power of pen and pencil to delineate.

Overpowers the page. That attempts to paint it.

4 Reaping the whirlwind. 'He that soweth the wind shall reap

he whirfwind.'

<sup>5</sup> Its alchemy begun.] Having begun its foolish dreams—its ain quest '—as the alchemist searching for the philosopher's stone.

Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

## CXXV

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved. Though accident, blind contact, and the strong Necessity of loving, have removed Antipathies—but to recur, ere long, Envenomed with irrevocable wrong; And Circumstance, that unspiritual god And miscreator, makes and helps along Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod, Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod.

## CXXVI

Our life is a false nature: 'tis not in 'I' The harmony of things,—this hard decree, This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, '2 this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

# CXXVII

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought—our last and only place
Of refuge: this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chained and tortured—cabined, cribbed, confined,

<sup>1 &#</sup>x27;Tis not in.] See the Introduction on the versification. This ending is found in Shakspeare's latest works.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Upas.] A poisonous tree, native to Javs.

<sup>5</sup> Cabined, cribbed, confined.] A quotation from 'Macbeth,'
Again quoted 'D. J.' iv. 75.

And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine Too brightly on the unprepared mind. The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.1

## CXXVIII

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome. Collecting the chief trophies of her line, Would build up all her triumphs in one dome, Her Coliseum 2 stands; the moonbeams shine As 'twere its natural torches, for divine Should be the light which streams here, to illume This long-explored but still exhaustless mine Of contemplation; and the azure gloom Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

# CXXIX

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven, Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument, And shadows forth its glory. There is given Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent, A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power And magic in the ruined battlement, For which the palace of the present hour Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

## $\mathbf{c}\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

<sup>3</sup>Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead. Adorner of the ruin, comforter And only healer when the heart hath bled : Time! the corrector where our judgments err, The test of truth, love—sole philosopher, For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift, Which never loses though it doth defer— Time, the avenger? unto thee I lift My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift:

1 Couch the blind. Couch (from collocare, to depress) the film that forms over the eye in cataract.

<sup>2</sup> Coliseum.] The great Flavian Amphitheatre, commenced by Vespasian A.D. 77, and completed by his son Titus.

<sup>3</sup> Time—the test of truth—of love; sole philosopher, for all besides are sophists. Thou hast for me a store (thrift) of restitution which shall certainly be mine, though I wait long for it.

## CXXXI

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine And temple more divinely desolate, Among thy mightier offerings here are mine, Ruins of years, though few, yet full of fate: If thou hast ever seen me too elate, Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne Good, and reserved my pride against the hate Which shall not whelm me, let me not have worn This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not mourn?

# CXXXII

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes! bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just,
Had it but been from hands less near—in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt, and
must.

# CXXXIII

It is not that I may not have incurred For my ancestral faults or mine the wound I bleed withal, and had it been conferred With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound; But now my blood shall not sink in the ground: To thee I do devote it—thou shalt take The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found, Which if I have not taken for the sake ——But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

# CXXXIV

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak

1 Orestes.] For the murder of his mother, Clytemnestra, was pursued by the Eumenides or Furies. (See the plays of Æschylus.) His mother's fate was deserved, had it been inflicted upon her by any other hand, for she had murdered her husband Agamemnon.

Who hath beheld decline 1 upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

# CXXXV

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

# CXXXVI

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus 2 glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

# CXXXVII

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain: My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire, And my frame perish even in conquering pain; But there is that within me which shall tire

<sup>1</sup> Decline.] From declinatio, a substantive. These stanzas have a melodramatic and unreal look about them.

<sup>2</sup> Janus.] The double-faced God, and the meaning, therefore, of the passage would be, the deceitful glance of their eye—for they have learnt to lie without speaking—would look true. Without utterance, too, save the shrug or sigh, they deal round to fools who trust them the unexpressed bbloquy of their gesture (i.e. shrug or sigh).

Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire; Something unearthly, which they deem not of, Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre, Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

## CXXXVIII

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walkest in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

## CXXXIX

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

## $\mathbf{cxl}$

<sup>1</sup> I see before me the Gladiator lie: He leans upon his hand—his manly brow Consents to death, but conquers agony, And his drooped head sinks gradually low—And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one, Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now The arena swims around him—he is gone, Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

<sup>1</sup> A description of the Dying Gladiator, so familiar to all visitors of Rome. The figure in reality is that of a Gaul, as is proved by the Celtic torques or necklace; it stands in the Capitoline Museum.

'As Dacia men to die the eternal death
For a sole instant's pastime.'—' Deformed Transformed.'

#### CXLI

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

#### CXLII

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely
loud.

### CXLIII

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared!
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft
away.

### CXLIV

But when the rising moon begins to climb Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there; When the stars twinkle through the loops of time, And the low night-breeze waves along the air The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear, Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;

<sup>1</sup> The bald first Cæsar's head.] Suctonius tells us that Julius

When the light shines serene but doth not glare, Then in this magic circle raise the dead: Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

## CXLV

'While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;

'When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,

'And when Rome falls-the World.' From our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye
will.

#### CXLVI

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquility, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!

Shalt thou of Rome!

#### CXIVIT

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads <sup>3</sup>
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads

Cæsar was most sensitive on the subject of his baldness, and concealed the fact by the laurel crown. See 'Deformed Transformed'—
'His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.'

<sup>1</sup> In Saxon times.] Bede tells us that in his day (A.D. 673-735) the saying amongst Anglo-Saxon pilgrims to Rome was—that Rome would stand as long as the Coliseum stood.

would stand as long as the Coliseum stood.

2 Pantheon.] In the Campus Martius; finished by Agrippa B.C. 27, but in A.D. 610 was consecrated by Boniface IV. to the Virgin Mary and the Martyrs. Hence the words (line 8) 'from Jove to Jesus.'

3 The Pantheon is circular, and lighted from above.

Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honoured forms, whose busts around them
close.

## CXLVIII

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight—
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain—
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar:—But what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and bare?

## CXLIX

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life, Where on the heart and from the heart we took Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife, Blest into mother, in the innocent look, Or even the piping cry of lips that brook No pain, and small suspense, a joy perceives Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain was Eve's.

## CL

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift: it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises higher
Than Egypt's river: from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds
no such tide.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Byron refers to the story of the imprisoned father, whose life was supported by his daughter.

CLI

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejein the universe.

LII

Turn to the mole which Hadrian <sup>1</sup> reared on high, Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles, Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

CLIII

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle;—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyena and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed;

CTTV

But thou, of temples old, or altars new, Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—

1 Hadrian.] The Mausoleum of Hadrian.

<sup>2</sup> This description of St. Peter's at Rome (cliii.-clix.) is most beautiful. See in reference to Michael Angelo and St. Peter's 'The Prophecy of Dante.'

3 Diana's marvel.] The great Temple of Artemis or Diana at Ephesus. The description of Newstead Abbey in 'Don Juan' is

similarly graphic, canto xiii. 67.

4 Of temples old, &c. 1 It was to raise funds for the completion of St. Peter's that Pope Leo X. proclaimed indulgences, an act which was the proximate cause of the rise of Luther and the Reformation. See 'Deformed Transformed,' part ii. scene 3.

Worthiest of God, the holy and the true. Since Zion's desolation, when that He Forsook his former city, what could be, Of earthly structures, in his honour piled, Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty, Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

## CLI

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not; And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind, Expanded by the genius of the spot, Has grown colossal, and can only find A fit abode wherein appear enshrined Thy hopes of immortality; and thou Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined, See thy God face to face, as thou dost now His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

## CT.VI

Thou movest, but increasing with the advance, Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise, Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonise—All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles, richer painting—shrines where flame The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

#### CLVII

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break, To separate contemplation, the great whole; And as the ocean many bays will make That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul To more immediate objects, and control Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart Its eloquent proportions, and unroll In mighty graduations, part by part, The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Alp.] Not necessarily the Alps, but simply a high mountain.

## CLVIII

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward sense Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is That what we have of feeling most intense Outstrips our faint expression: even so this Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great Defies at first our Nature's littleness, Till, growing with its growth', we thus dilate Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

#### CLIX

Then pause, and be enlightened; there is more In such a survey than the sating gaze Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore The worship of the place, or the mere praise Of art and its great masters, who could raise What former time, nor skill, nor thought could plan; The fountain of sublimity 2 displays

Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions can.

#### CLX

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's torture <sup>3</sup> dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal patience blending: Vain
The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

<sup>1</sup> Growing with its growth.] An adaptation of a usual expression, 'grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength.'—See Burke's Speech on American Taxation.

<sup>2</sup> The fountain of sublimity.] As from a fountain of sublimity man may draw, from the contemplation of St. Peter's, particles of

gold, i.e. the knowledge of what great men can do.

<sup>5</sup> Laccoon's torture.] The group of Laccoon and his sons in their death-struggles with the two serpents, taken from Virgil. It was discovered in 1506 in the baths of Titus at Rome, and now stands in the Vatican. Pliny says it was the work of three Greek artists, Polydorus, Athenodorus, and Hegesander, and is 'opus omnibus statuarise artis presponendum.' For Laccoon's story, see Virg. &a., II.

#### CLXT

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow, 1
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

#### CTXII

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love, Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast Longed for a deathless lover from above, And maddened in that vision—are exprest All that ideal beauty ever blessed The mind with in its most unearthly mood, When each conception was a heavenly guest—A ray of immortality—and stood, Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

### CLXIII

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas
wrought.

## CLXIV

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song, The being who upheld it through the past? Methinks he cometh late and tarries long. He is no more—these breathings are his last;

<sup>1</sup> Lord of the unerring bow.] The Deus Arcitenens, Apollo. The statue of Apollo Belvedere, discovered in 1508 in Antium, an old town of Latium. The statue is confessed by all to merit the noble commendation bestowed upon it,

His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast, And he himself as nothing:—if he was Aught but a phantasy, and could be classed With forms which live and suffer—let that pass— His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

#### CLXV

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all That we inherit in its mortal shroud, And spreads the dim and universal pall Through which all things grow phantoms; and the cloud

Between us sinks and all which ever glowed, Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays A melancholy halo scarce allowed To hover on the verge of darkness; rays Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze.

## CLXVI

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear,—but never more,
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that once we bore
These fardels¹ of the heart—the heart whose sweat was
gore.

### CLXVII

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrowned,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Fardels.] French fardeaux, a common expression in Wielif's Bible for burdens,

## CLXVIII

Scion of chiefs 1 and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever: with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy
Which filled the imperial isles so full it seemed to cloy.

#### CLXIX

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for One! for she had poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

## CLXX

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! How we did entrust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed
Our children should obey her child, and blessed
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seemed
Like stars to shepherd's eyes:—'twas but a meteor beamed.

## CLXXI

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps well: The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue Of hollow counsel, the false oracle, Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Scion of chiefs.] Byron alludes to the death of the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., and wife of Leopold, subsequently King of the Belgians. She died in 1817,

Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung
Nations have armed in madness, the strange fate
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or late,—

1

## CLXXII

These might have been her destiny; but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe:
But now a bride and mother—and now there!
How many ties did that stern moment tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

### CLXXIII

Lo, Nemi! 2 navelled 3 in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And calm as cherished hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.

## CLXXIV

And near, Albano's scarce divided waves Shine from a sister valley;—and afar The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war, 'Arms and the man,' whose re-ascending star Rose o'er an empire:—but beneath thy right

<sup>2</sup> Nemi.] A little village near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and within a ride of Albano.

<sup>5</sup> Navelled.] From the Greek ὀμφαλὸς.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> His sympathy with the Princess does not cause him to abandon the anti-monarchical sentiments by which he was so strongly imbued.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> The Epic war.] The great Epic poem of Virgil, who sang of Eneas, whose reputed descendants became emperors.

Tully reposed ' from Rome;—and where you bar Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight The Sabine farm was tilled, ' the weary bard's ' delight.

## CLXXV

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine rolled

## CLXXVI

Upon the blue Symplegades: 3 long years—
Long, though not very many—since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run;
We have had our reward, and it is here,—
That we can yet feel gladdened by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

### CLXXVII

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tully reposed.] Cicero reposed at his Tusculan villa, the scene of the Tusculan disputations, and Horace was the weary bard whose Sabine farm is so frequently alluded to by himself.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The midland ocean.] A translation of the word Mediterranean.

Symplegades.] A cluster of islands near the Bosphorus, spoken of by Eschylus and Juvenal, who translates the name Concurrentia Saza.

## CLXXVIII

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

#### CLXXIX

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

## CLXXX

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And sendest him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.<sup>2</sup>

#### CLXXXI

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

<sup>1</sup> Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.] Conf.

'Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.'—Scott,
And 'Unhouselled, disappointed, unaneled.'—Hamlet,
and in Homer, ἀφρήτωρ, ἀθέμιστος, ἀνέστιος.

Let him lay. Lie; jacio used for jaces. The grammar of 'Childe Harold' is generally correct, though in other works Byron is careless. See 'Like he'—'Marino Faliero;' 'save I'—'Heaven and Earth.'

And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—

These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

## CLXXXII

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—Assyria,? Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they? Thy waters washed them power while they were free, And many a tyrant since; their shores obey The stranger, slave, or savage! their decay Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play, Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

## CLXXXIII

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm, Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime, The image of eternity, the throne Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime The monsters of the deep are made; each zone Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

## CLXXXIV

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me

Assyria.] Seems to stand for Syria. All the commerce of the ancient and mediaval world was Mediterranean, till from the New World and its discovery, power moved westward, first to the

Peninsula, and then to England.

<sup>1</sup> Lord of thee, and arbiter of war.] Alludes to the pretensions of England as Queen of the Sea, to the right of search and declaration of blockades.—See the Proclamation of 1801 with regard to Russian, Danish, and Swedish vessels. See 'D. J.' x. 65, 'And make the very billows pay them toll.'

Were a delight; and if the freshening sea Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, For I was as it were a child of thee, And trusted to thy billows far and near, And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

#### CLXXXV

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ;
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been 2—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

## CLXXXVI

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with him alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with you, the moral of his strain.

- 1 For Byron's love of the Ocean, see 'D. J.' ii. 105-
  - 'He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellespont, As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided) Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.'

<sup>2</sup> That which I have been.] However frequently Byron reverts to this fact, the world will see no declension of power from the time that he published the first canto of 'Childe Harold' in 1812.

<sup>3</sup> Not in vain, &c.] The sandal-shoon, antiquated plural of shoe; and scallop-shell, the shell which pilgrims or palmers were in their hats as signs of their journey over the sea.

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# GLOSSARY. ---

Agen. Anglo-Saxon ongean, ongen, agein.

Aisle. Lat. ala; Fr. aile, a wing; the wing of a church.

Alp. Gaelic for mountain; Albyn, Albion, alps.

Anlace, or anlas. A knife or dagger in Chaucer; elsewhere, a pike.

Ared, aread, rede. Frequent in Chaucer-advise.

Beadsman. Anglo-Saxon biddian, to pray, or beg; the bidder of beads or prayers, almsmen.

Blent. An archaic strong form for blended.

Brand. A sword, from its gleaming, flery appearance.
Catque. A light Spanish war-vessel.
Caloyer. Greek monk; modern Greek, καλογέρος, from καλὸς and

Camise. Eccles. Latin, camisia; Ital. camicia; Fr. chemise, a shirt.

Capote. A hooded cloak.

Centinel. Fr. sentinelle, probably from sentina, meaning the guardian of the sewer. The Spanish is centinela. Compare Scott's Lady of the Lake,' l. xiv. :-

## 'To centinel enchanted land.'

Churl, ceorl. One of the lowest class of freemen, in Anglo-Saxon; rusticus, or agrestis, in Latin; rude.

Condole. For condole 'with.' Conynge. Can, ken, to know. The Biblical 'cunning,' artifice. Couch. Collocare, to depress. French coucher. Croupe. Same root as crupper, manége de cheval. Delhi. Turkish horse-soldier.

Duenna. Spanish equivalent to 'domina,' donna, an attendant. Ee, eyen. Eyes.

Eld. Now obsolete, though root of elder. From Anglo-Saxon aeld. Old age, days of yore.

Fardango. A Spanish dance. Fardel. French fardeau; Old English, frequent in Wiclif's Bible: burden.

Feere. Anglo-Saxon gefera, fare, comes, companion.

Freeres. Fratres, fra, frère, friare, brothers-chiefly of the mendicant orders.

Fytte. Song. Anglo-Saxon fittian, to sing; canto. Geogaw. Whim-wham, trifle.

Glaive. Scimitar, bill-hook. Glaif, Welsh for 'bill'-common in Scott. A French word.

Hight. Past part. of Anglo-Saxon hatan, to call.

· Houries. Nymphs in the Mahommedan Heaven.

Howitzer. Germ. Haubitzer; Span. obus; Fr. obus, fieldpiece.

Kibes. Chap, gap, gape; cracked skin, chilblains.

Kind. Kin, family relation; root of king; hence generosus, its genuine meaning.

Kyrtle. Same root as curtus, short dress.

Lauwine. German Lawine, avalanche.

Leman. Lief, lieben, lifman, like wif-man, woman.

Losel. Loose, lose, wasteful, nepos.

Matadore. Span. from Latin mactator, originally 'killer,' the waver of the flag in the Spanish bull-fight.

Moe. Common expression in Chaucer, more.

Mote. Must, might, may.

No. Old English and French negative, derived from the latter. Ogle. Oculus, ail; Monkish Latin oculare, to glance.

Palikar. Greek soldier, properly boy.

Pibroch. From Gaelic piob, pipe, music. Quaint. Probably from cognitus, cleverly devised.

Rebeck. Stringed instrument, fiddle (rt. fid), often in Milton. Roundelay. Rondelet, song. See the word rondelet in French. Santon. Dervish.

Selictar. Sword-bearer.
Shell. Testudo, lyre, made of the tortoise-shell.

Smug. Danish smuk, spruce, clean.

Uncouth. Unknown, rude, like Latin agrestis.

Wassaillers. From Anglo-Saxon expression in drinking pledges - Waes hael, Be well; revellers.

Whilome. Erewhile. Contains the adverbial suffix of 'seldom,'

aliquando. Both whileme and seldom are A.-S. ablatives.

Wight. Anglo-Saxon wiht, creature, man.

Withouten. Without, with paragogic n.

Wittol. Anglo-Saxon witan, to know; a man who knows his wife's shame. 'Marino Faliero '-

> 'A courteous wittol, Patient, ay proud, it may be, of dishonour.'

Yclad. The y is the Old English prefix for the past participle. Cf. yclept.

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